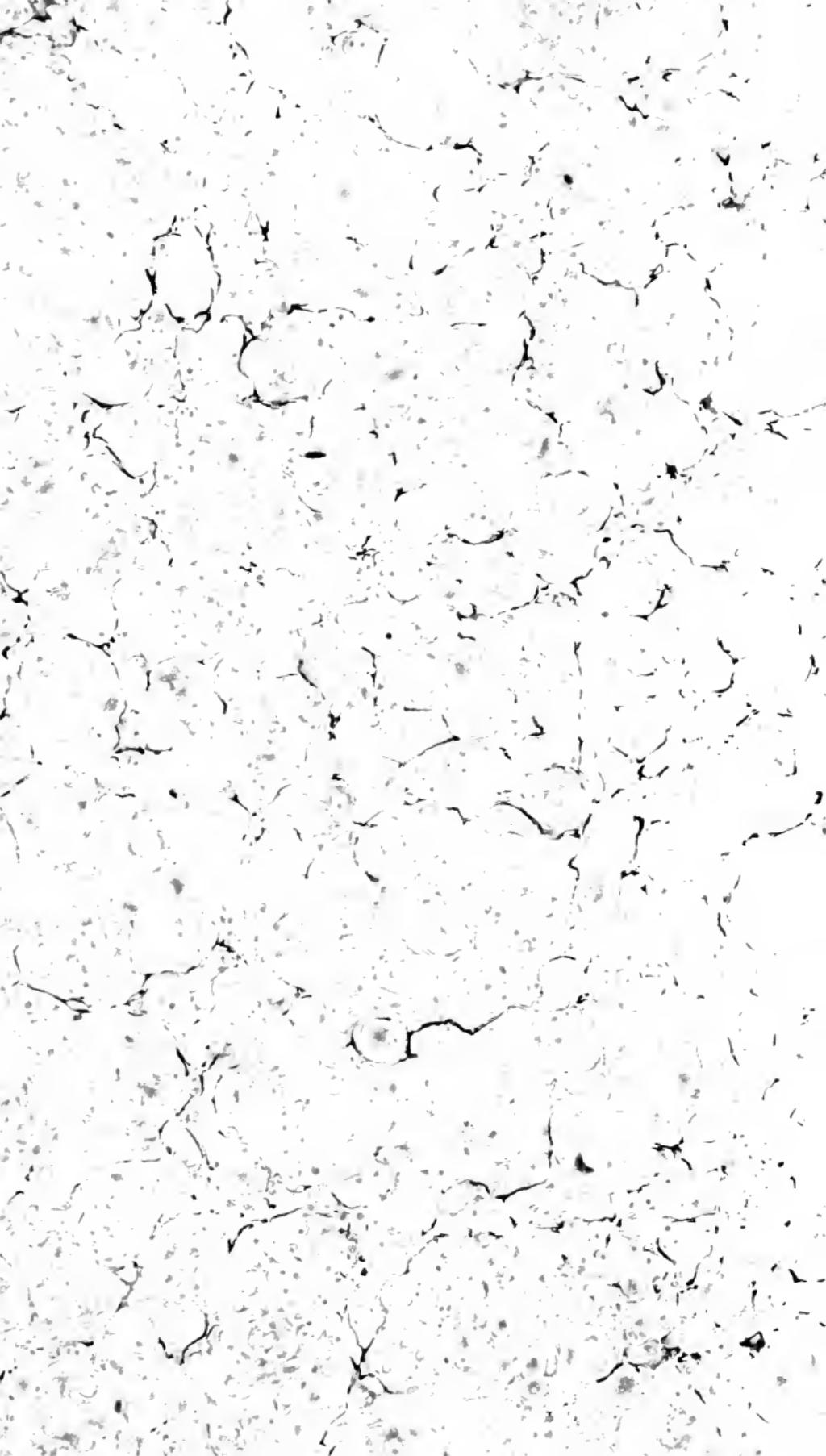


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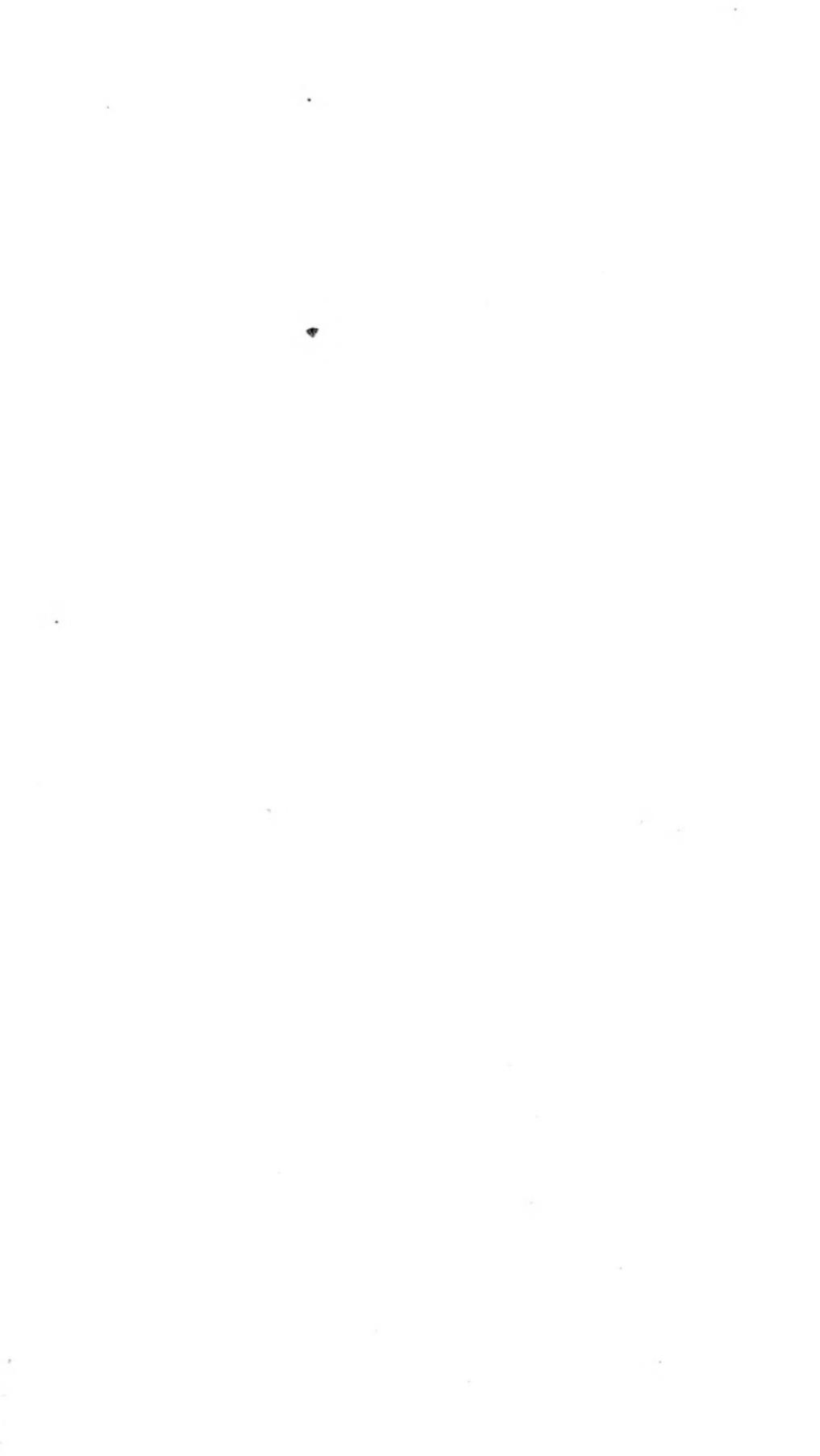


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**HARDENBRASS**

**AND**

**HAVERILL.**

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**BARNARD AND FARLEY,**  
*Shinners-Street, London.*

# HARDENBRASS

AND

## HAVERILL;

OR,

**The Secret of the Castle,**  
A NOVEL,  
IN FOUR VOLUMES.

—  
CONTAINING

A MADMAN AND NO MADMAN—WHO WALKS—  
DEEDS OF DARKNESS, &c.—  
REMARKABLE CHARACTERS, INCIDENTS, ADVENTURES,  
&c. &c. INSTRUCTIVE AND ENTERTAINING.

—

VOL. III.

—  
—  
—

The time has been,  
That when the brains were out the man would die.

SHAKS.

His physicians do fear him mightily.

SHAKS.

—Spare not the babe,—  
Think it a bastard,—  
And mince it sans remorse.

SHAKS.

London:

PUBLISHED BY SHERWOOD, NEELY, AND JONES,  
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1817.



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# HARDENBRASS

AND

# HAVERILL.

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## CHAP. I.

*An Opinion.—The Flatteries of Hope.—Which prove how easily a Man may be mistaken.*

**D**URING the next four or five days nothing occurred of any moment to the continuation of this history, except the gradual amendment of the invalids, the arrival of a letter from Sergeant Fullbottom, and the return of Mr. Ingram. The sergeant's letter was very concise, as the reader may see; the following being a copy.

“ To Doctor Twentymen.

“ Dear Twen,

“ I am of opinion, that A in the case stated, must fail in attempting to procure divorce, as the act was committed before marriage, and there is no evidence of its having been repeated after. It must be proved *after*, or it is no adultery. It is a bad case. All I can do is at your service, but it will turn to nothing. I’m torn to pieces with busines—but yours, as usual,

“ Launcelot Fullbottom.”

“ So then!” said Haverill, “ I can have no redress, because Lady Letitia chuses to give the law no hold of her. I wish I knew where to write to her! I would search her very heart; and set such a picture of herself before her, as should make her tremble!”

“ And what good would that do you?” said the Doctor, “ I think it very probable that she may not be so pure as is said;

and we must have her watched. But Ingram will soon return, and we will then hold a cabinet council. We must get rid of this woman if possible; and, perhaps, as keeping up the shew of virtue is her great aim, she may be prevailed on to sue for a divorce for adultery on your part—you admit it, and all will be well."

"Never!" said Haverill. "I'll write to my father and tell him, he may acquaint Lady Letitia, that I will publish the whole transaction to the world! and so I will! and I cannot think, but that there must be some law to yield me redress." The Doctor shrugged his shoulders, and applied to his snuff-box; and Haverill wrote and sent the following letter to his father.

"To R. Haverill, Esq.

"Sir,

"I reject all offers of accommodation with scorn; and since my father, the very man who ought to have watched most

narrowly that the honor of the family should not be tainted, has joined in so foul a conspiracy against me, I am determined to do myself justice, to make the whole transaction public, and spare none of the parties; of this determination you may inform all concerned.

“Cruel and unprincipled man! you have ruined your son, but he will yet avenge himself.

“A. H.”

As soon as Haverill had sent this, he wrote to an eminent solicitor in London, to take the best opinions, and he himself proposed to be in town as soon as Twentymen would permit him to travel. He thought if the conspiracy could be proved, and he intended to summon Lady Letitia herself and her whole family into court, that there could be no difficulty in setting aside his unfortunate marriage; a point to which all others now gave way, and before which, his revenge on the Marquis sunk into insignificance.

The return of Mr. Ingram, however, raised his hopes that the other transactions might be substantiated, as that gentleman had seen Medley at the house of a friend, where he was obliged to remain during the following ten days. But when the affair was explained to him, he offered to apply himself to Field, the person who was supposed to know something relating to the murder of the child, and promised to be at H— as early as possible. In this promise, he was very sincere, and the idea of meeting Anarella again, so soon, revived ideas of endeavouring to gain her affection, which he had nourished but too freely at Rhanvellyn.

Mr. Medley did not, like some of his cotemporaries, think himself irresistible, but the preference Anarella gave his conversation over that of every other man she saw at Rhanvellyn, was visible to him; he believed her affections disengaged, and now the only question was, whether it would be prudent to marry a woman

who was said to be dependent on her aunt, whose income was probably only a jointure. During the time that he had been absent from Anarella, he had debated this pro and con several times; and at last had made up his mind that he would please himself, and that Anarella would not refuse him.

Mr. Ingram was no sooner gone then, than he repented that he had not accompanied him; but he felt that he ought to remain some days, now he had once suffered him to depart. With every passing day, his impatience to begone increased, and the last day of the week he set off post for H— where he arrived about six o'clock in the evening.

It happened that Dr. Twentymen was out: indeed he had been for a week past, much engaged with a patient who had been seized with a fever at the Stag, and who was now only beginning to mend, sufficiently to make his attendance twice a day, instead of three times, necessary.

Mrs. St. Arno had retired to sleep for an hour in her own room, and Haverill and Anarella were seated on the sofa, talking over the probability of Haverill's success in establishing proofs of the conspiracy against him. It was one of those happy moments when all the world was shut out, and their feelings were in perfect unison. Perhaps (for we do not speak certainly) perhaps Haverill was never nearer making the discovery that his love for Anarella was more than friendship ; and perhaps her wishes for his success were never more ardent than at the moment when the servant intruded on them to announce Mr. Medley.

With her accustomed ease and grace, but certainly more of tenderness and consciousness than he had ever before seen in her countenance, Medley beheld her advance to meet him ; he snatched her hand to give it a friendly shake, and he felt it tremble in his ; he raised his eyes to hers, with an expression of delight and

wonder, and she blushed more deeply than he was accustomed to see ladies blush. All these symptoms were, to Mr. Medley's eye, *confirmation strong as proof of holy writ*, that Anarella was in love ; and perhaps wiser men than Mr. Medley might have been pardoned, if they imagined, as he did, that he was the happy object of the soft sensation. His raptures in consequence could with difficulty be restrained ; and when Anarella introduced Haverill to him, he hardly did and said what was civil, so engaged was he in gazing on Anarella, and repressing the expressions of joy that were ready to burst from his lips. Anarella, who was no fool, could not be blind to the exceeding difference there was in his manner now, and when he was at Rhanvellyn ; and feeling distressed with his warmth of address, she suddenly withdrew her hand, and making a sort of distant curtsey, she sat down. This movement restored Mr. Medley to himself, though it served to

confirm his first happy thought, and he relieved Anarella by addressing himself to Haverill.

That gentleman, who had stood a silent spectator of the scene that was passing, and had witnessed Anarella's emotion and Medley's eager joy, with feelings little short of agony, looked any thing but civil and obliged for the trouble Medley had taken; he suddenly felt the most unpleasant sensation he had ever experienced, except perhaps on his wedding-day, and changed colour, and found such difficulty in giving even the simplest answer, that both his companions fancied his wound had suddenly pained him. "Are you ill, Haverill;" said Anarella. He leaned his head on his hand, and without speaking left the room.

"I'm sure he's ill," said Anarella; "he has been dreadfully wounded! I wish the Doctor would come in!"

"Sweet compassion!" said Medley; "how is the object of it honored! My

dear Miss St. Arno, I cannot tell you how happy I am that circumstances have again indulged me with a sight of you! how could you be so cruel as to quit that den Rhanvellyn, without whispering to your admiring friends where you were going, or when?" "I had no friends at Rhanvellyn, Sir, to whom such a whisper could have been interesting," replied Anarella, coldly, "and I never left any place with more joy. My aunt, Sir, from the conversation that had passed between you and her, thought that you might give Mr. Haverill some useful information, and that is the reason you have been troubled at this severe season of the year: I'm sure she will feel obliged by your taking the trouble to come."

"'Tis I am the obliged person, my dear Miss St. Arno," said Medley, who thought her coldness assumed, "and deeply obliged too! Mrs. St. Arno might, with a true second-sight, have read my wishes, and determined to indulge

me." "With a dirty journey, in the depth of winter!" said Anarella. "No, my fair enemy! with a sight of her lovely niece!" said Medley, endeavouring to take her hand. Anarella drew it quietly away, and walking towards the door, said, "You are so much more figurative than usual, and talk in a way so very foreign to your natural manner, that I cannot help suspecting you are rehearsing for a farce. Excuse me, however, if I leave you to enact your part solus, and go to advertise my aunt of your arrival." So saying, she left the room, and Medley in a perfect wonder.

"By G—!" said he, as she closed the door, "that is, without exception, the sauciest thing I ever had said to me. So, the lovely tyrant is conscious that I saw her sweet tender disorder on my arrival, and she thinks to deceive me a few weeks, by assuming this high tone, with a voice as cool as if she really did not care two straws about me, when I see she has been

pining for my absence, and perhaps the whole of this sending for me by the aunt has been to oblige the niece! It certainly must be so! but *that* I shall see at once; for if it is, the aunt will be all gracious goodness, while the niece exhibits the cold fit. Well, I did think these women were above this sort of thing! but dress and educate her as you will, a woman's a woman, after all; and from the countess to the milkmaid, they have all the same arts where men are concerned.

Mr. Medley did not long indulge in these and similar reflections (which, whatever he might think, proved that in matters where women are concerned we are all easily mistaken), when Haverill joined him, and in a distant but polite manner apologized for quitting the room so abruptly, on the score of a sudden indisposition. This apology Mr. Medley readily admitted, as Haverill's absence had really obliged him very much; and the

two gentlemen, as if neither of them could bear to talk of business, sat uttering disjointed phrases, on cold winters, dirty roads, post horses, and other interesting subjects, till the Doctor's arrival relieved them both.

That worthy man received Mr. Medley in a way that pleased him exceedingly, and thanked him for joining his Christmas party. "I knew very well," said he, "by the very warm handsome way Mrs. St. Arno and her lovely niece spoke of you, that you would not hesitate to lend your assistance in unmasking villainy, and punishing the guilty. By-and-by, Sir, we'll have the whole talked over; but first we'll have coffee. I beg your pardon, though—have you dined?"

Medley assured him he had; and the coffee having made its entrance, was soon followed by the ladies, who both looked anxiously at Haverill; he, contrary to his usual custom, turning his head another way.

## CHAP. II.

*Mr. Medley relates what passed at Rhanvellyn, after the Ladies left it.—Who sold the Knife.*

MRS St. Arno held out her well hand to Medley, with the same placid smile on her countenance he had been accustomed to see, and for which he was indebted to Anarella's forbearance, in not telling her aunt what nonsense he had been talking. Like other people, however, who take a whim into their heads, he saw something particular in it; and he took occasion to tell her, that he never was more happy than in obeying her summons. He then listened to the account of her broken arm, and Anarella's illness, which last he silently placed to his own account; and in return he gave the ladies a little history of what passed in the

neighbourhood of Rhanvellyn after their departure, which we shall give entire to the reader, without inserting the various observations of the hearers.

“ When you ladies made your sudden retreat from a scene that could only have been planned by such a brute as Hardenbrass, we males called out lustily for vengeance on the vile inhospitable poltroon; and but for that villain Unwise, he would certainly have been castigated properly. We, however, remitted his punishment till morning, and each retired to comfort himself as well as he could. I think I never passed such a night in my life ! There was nothing but screaming, groaning, and running; and I fancied once that some sad affair was transacting, for I was almost sure I heard a woman shriek.” (Anarella here turned pale as death, which Haverill observed.) “ However, my fellow told me, it was only the mad Duke, who had got his liberty, and frightened Mrs. Fuzman ; and I was glad

if any body was to be frightened, that it was that lump of pride, malice, and all unrighteousness. In the morning, when we assembled, we males I mean, we found that Hardenbrass and his two jackals were off; and to my great grief I heard that Mrs. and Miss St. Arno were gone too. It was amusing enough to see the haste every body was in to depart, and you would have fancied they feared another jalaping. The ladies all hastened to their carriages from their own rooms; and I observed, that that interesting genius, Parson Tilt, attended Mrs. Fuzman and her daughters on his Welch galloway; while little Courtoie, who had been ill all night, having swallowed largely of the mixture, sat on a stool inside the carriage. By eleven o'clock Rhanveylln was cleared of its guests, and left again to the miserable old Duke and his contemptible son. Some part of the company went, as I did, to Sir Gaspar Scoone's; and among the rest Sappho, who is now busily

engaged in writing a poem, which she means to dedicate to Hardenbrass, under the title of ‘Rhanvellyn, or the Golden Thought.’ I told her, I was glad the fellow’s dose had had so poetical an effect. Before we had breakfasted, the morning after our retreat from the castle, we heard that Mr. Tilt was to lead Miss Monimia Fuzman to the altar on the next morning; and in fact he did so, and is now master of that poor gaping goose, and her forty thousand pounds. Before they had been three days married, he left his bride to the care of her mother, and set off with Blood into Yorkshire, to buy horses. Since the marriage Mrs. Fuzman has endeavoured to make it understood that he is nearly related to the noble family of the Tilts who came over with William the Conqueror, whose original name was Stilt, and who are yet flourishing. But it won’t do; for every body knows that his father was whipper-in to Mr. Rhanvellyn’s hunt. This winter

you'll see that Tilt will set the fashions in town, and we shall hear of nothing but the Tilt snaffle, and so forth ; and perhaps it may last half a dozen years. This unfortunate marriage has occasioned a complete schism between the Fuzmans and Lady Diana Gormonthwaite, who now abuses and ridicules them every where, and it was even whispered that little Courtoie began to doubt whether his noble blood would not be tainted by marrying the sister of Mr. Tilt's wife. But I left the neighbourhood almost immediately ; so what has passed within the last few weeks I know not. I suppose the several parties are dispersed by this time."

Mr. Medley, whose spirits were uncommonly high, continued to amuse the party by his conversation, till after the removal of the tea-things, and then the affair of the attack on the Cottage came under discussion. Haverill gave an exact description of what occurred, and Mr. Medley was much struck with the man-

ner in which he acted on that occasion. He complimented him on his presence of mind and cool perseverance, and said it was not many men who would have acted as he had done ; and he knew nothing so desirable as that species of courage he had exhibited.

“ When life is a burthen,” replied Haverill, “ that calm exposure to danger that you so much admire, does not deserve the name of courage. But, to do myself justice, I did not in that instance attack the people because I was indifferent whether I lived or not, but because I felt that lives more valuable than my own depended on my conduct. Had I been mortally wounded, I still should have preserved my friends, which was in truth the only desirable thing.”

“ Aye, aye!” said the Doctor, “ the age of chivalry is coming round again, and our knight here, as knights of old were wont to do, brought off the spoil with him.”

Mr. Medley expressing a curiosity to

see what the Doctor called the spoil, Haverill rung the bell for Robin, and directed him to fetch his portmanteau down. In that Haverill had kept the knife and pistol his enemies had left, and the carving knife with which he had defended himself ; and when Robin had brought down the portmanteau, his master gave him the key to open it. He did so, and produced the contents carefully folded in paper.

The first thing he took out, was the pistol, of which he appeared to admire the workmanship, as Mr. Medley turned it this way and that ; and the next was the knife in its case, that had been found lying in the passage.

“ This deadly instrument was dropped by one of the ruffians, I suppose,” said Haverill, “ and I trust may be the means of discovering some one connected with them at least. It appears new ; at least it has not been made use of ; and it perhaps would be advisable to enquire for such a

thing in the neighbourhood of Pont-y-V—, as the shop that sold this may have others similar to it, and one might learn to whom they had been sold.” “That is a good thought,” replied Medley, “What maker’s name is there on the blade?”

“One as common as need be! I think it is Smith,” said Haverill, “but really I cannot tell. Here is a mark, however, a price I suppose upon it. I would give ten pounds to find out who sold it.”

“I can tell you that, Sir,” said Robin, “for I selled it mysell. I think I’se like to know it, for I lugged it all t’ way frae Sheffield.”

“Whom did you sell it to?” exclaimed Haverill, delighted with this discovery, which Anarella hailed as a happy omen.

“I don’t know!” said Robin, coolly.

“Not know Robin,” cried the Doctor, “you’re like to know, and you must try to find out.”

“Vary likely,” said Robin, “I mud do that! bud as to like to know, Sir, you

see I sell heaps o'things to a vast o'folks, and I never axes no questions."

"That won't do in this case my good man," said Medley, "for we shall put you to your oath, and then we shall see what you'll say to us."

"Nay, Sir, I'se say just what I do now," replied Robin, drily, "an what I say I'll swear."

"How long is it since you sold it?" asked Haverill.

"It mun be nigh two years sin," said Robin.

"And what sort of a man did you sell it to," said the Doctor, angrily, "what the deuce! if you remember when you sold it, you can tell where and to what animal."

"It's nut so easy as you think, Sir," said Robin, "but if you'll be quiet, I'se may be rummage up all about it."

"I think," said Medley, "we ought to know where you got it, and why you carry such dangerous instruments abroad."

“Noa, noa, you’ve nowt to do we’ that, Sir,” said Robin, “I’se licensed, and I may sell what I will; so dwont trouble yourself wi that. Bud come now, I think I can tell a bit about it too. Year afore last, abit afore this time, you’ll mind, I were going my round there i’ Cheshire, an I stopped to tak a mug at a hoose where there was a man, a sort of a travelling man, at had been i’ Wales, and he’d got a heap o’tings in a box; an sumebody ’d flayed him aboot Ned Lud an his lads. He axed me if I’d got ony thing at would mak a fence, I think he called it, an I let him rummage to see. He took a fancy to that there bit of a knife, an I knew I made him pay sixpence more for keeping dilly dally an aff an on aboot it, when I was coming further. I never saw him i’ my life afore, and it’s never been my luck to light on him sin, bud it’s likely th’ folks at th’ Cross Keys mud tell.”

“Very extraordinary how the knife should have got here,” said Haverill,

“ when it was sold to a man leaving Wales ! should you know him again, Robin ?”

“ Aye aye I wand (warrant) me I should ! he’s a little wizened white man, wi two pinky winky eyes, and a face all pitted,” said Robin “ What, if t’weather would hod up a bit, and t’ frost come on, I could soon walk ower there an look for him. I’se be bound t’ landlady’d know him again, for she laughed fit to burst at is shilly shally ways. I think I could ferret him out may be.”

“ Well, well ! we’ll think about that ! now bring out my weapon,” said Haverill.

Just as the carving knife was displayed by the side of the other weapons, Broadhead came in to ask if his mistress wanted him any more that night, and he shook with terror at the sight of the carving knife which he recognized.— Though Broadhead had at first fancied that Haverill meant to kill him, and was

one of the gang who attacked the house, he had just common sense enough to understand that what his mistress told him on the subject was probably true, and he did not, like Dunn, retain so great a horror of bloody Arkles. The sight of these death-doing instruments, however, revived his unpleasant sensations, and when his mistress bid him fold them up again, and help Mr. Bottomworth, he displayed great reluctance. This he so far overcame, as to hold the portmanteau while Robin locked it, and the two serving men left the room together. After many suggestions, the gentlemen concluded that, if any importance was to be attached to the discovery of even one owner of the knife, no expedient could be better than to let Robin go to the place where he had sold it, and endeavour to hear news of his purchaser; and it was determined to put him in a coach that left H—— the following day, and authorize him to pursue the inquiry to the utmost. He was then again

called in, and received his instructions how to act in every possible emergency, and Mr. Medley gave him a letter to a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Chester, to whom he was to apply if he required assistance. Mrs. St. Arno then offered Haverill his old valet Broadhead to attend him, when agreeable; and he was informed that he was to be at Doctor Twentymen's during the day, when his horses did not require his care.

## CHAP. III.

*A Consultation.—The Force of Prejudice.—Haverill makes a mournful Discovery, which deprives him of Rest.*

THE ladies retired early, as they knew that Haverill was impatient to talk with Mr. Medley on the subject of Lady Letitia's communication, and they of course did not wish to be present. Indeed so shocked was Anarella with the whole story, that she could not bear the mention of Lady Letitia with common patience ; and she much more easily forgave her the first fall from virtue, than the shameful deception she had practised on Haverill. “ What could she hope from any man but contempt and hatred, unless indeed her father had chosen an

ideot to link her to?" said Anarella; "but perhaps Hardenbrass imagined that all men were equally base with those he has dependent upon him! wretches all! I cannot think any punishment could be more proper than to unite them together. Oh! what hourly reason have I to be thankful that I escaped that monster! Who knows how many wretched women have fallen unwilling sacrifices to him."

While the ladies were employed in these and similar reflections and observations, the gentlemen were discoursing on the murder of Lady Letitia's infant, and Medley was fully convinced that the person who received the five hundred per annum, must, by some means or other, have become thoroughly acquainted with the particulars. This, however, as he observed, could be of but little use to Haverill, as the man who could basely accept an annuity to conceal a murder, would, with equal baseness, swear that he knew nothing of the crime, in order to

preserve his annuity. "The truth is," said Medley, "that the power and influence of Hardenbrass are so great, that it is almost impossible to touch him. Every witness, even supposing you could procure such as had it in their power to prove the facts, would be bought by him, and there is no jury so immaculate as not to have one spotted sheep in it. I meddle not with those in authority ! their unvarying uprightness is well known, but what can a Judge do? or what ought he to do? nothing, in my opinion, to bias a jury ; and if that be bought, even the exertions of a Judge would be unavailing. Really Mr. Haverill I see little hope for you, for depend upon it Lady Letitia would contradict in public what she told you. However, if you are determined to proceed, and to state publicly what Lady Letitia asserted, which must of course produce an inquiry, you shall have any assistance I can give you, and I will state, in support of your allegations, what passed

at Rhanvellyn between him and myself. He has been too busy since to think of me, but I dare say I shall hear of him again."

"The conspiracy against myself," said Haverill, "there can be no difficulty in proving, and perhaps when Lady Letitia finds that she must be exposed, she will voluntarily accuse the author of her shame."

"It would be no bad thing to send a few paragraphs to the papers," said Medley, asserting that it was certain the affair would come before the public: this might induce them to come to terms at least; but if not, they could do no harm. Then a hint at a murder would not surprise any body where Hardenbrass is concerned, for that was not the first, be assured. I believe it is an undoubted fact, that he and his brother, Lord —, killed a groom very early in life, at the exercise of beating him. Perhaps they might not intend to kill him, but he certainly died in consequence of his beating,

and no inquiry was instituted into the matter. Then that affair of the D—— of —— is notorious enough ; he had won more than it was convenient to pay him, except with a leaden bullet ; and it is not difficult to insult a man when you wish to shoot him. Then there's another matter that has never been cleared up ! I mean that attack on his own brother, which failed merely from the happy formation of the animal ! an ordinary man would not have lived to tell tales, or to be subsequently reconciled. I assure you, gentlemen, it is a dangerous service we are upon ; I should not wonder if we are all disposed of, under the idea that dead men tell no tales.”

“ It's not quite so easy to dispose of three men as one,” said Haverill, “ and I hope none of my friends will incur any danger from their exertions for me. At present I really am not in a state to make any for myself, and my good friend here will not let me do any thing that would

require an effort. Probably in the course of a fortnight or three weeks, we may have some satisfactory communication from Leaseown, the solicitor; and if you, gentlemen, will in the mean time give me your advice and opinion, I shall be infinitely obliged. At present, I must, I believe, say good night to you, for my shoulder is uneasy, and requires a little attention."

So saying, Haverill retired, and the Doctor accompanied him to give him his assistance. While he was thus employed he made some observations on Medley, whose frank and open manner pleased him, and he spoke loudly in his praise.

To all this Haverill was silent; for he fancied he could neither assent to, nor contradict it; and the Doctor had asked him twice or three times, if he did not think Mr. Medley a very pleasant gentlemanly man, before he received a positive answer. At last he replied, while a slight blush passed over his cheek, that

he really did not see Medley quite so favourably as the Doctor. "And yet I'm half ashamed to say so," continued he; "for with regard to myself, nothing can be kinder, or more gentlemanly. One does sometimes take a prejudice without knowing why or wherefore; and mine may depend at present more on the state of my nerves, than on any thing Mr. Medley has said or done."

"Why what's in the wind now?" said the Doctor; "this is the oddest thing I ever heard in my life: this is being at cross-purposes with a vengeance! What has this man done to offend you? Why, forsooth, he has left his friends and a comfortable fire-side, in the depth of winter, to gallop through mire and clay; and all to serve you."

"I'm not sure of that," said Haverill.

"No! why what the deuce else should he have come for, at this time?" said the Doctor.

“Might he not come to see his old friends from Rhanvellyn?” said Haverill; “that I should think quite as great a pleasure as obliging me, or doing his country a service by bringing villainy to light.”

“Ha! ha! I do believe there is something in what you say,” cried Twenty-men; “and very natural too. Perhaps he’s in love with our fair Anarella; for older men than he might do a more foolish thing than that, let me tell you! and a very good match for her too, as times go. Indeed, he was some days with her at Rhanvellyn, and by their own account distinguished both by aunt and niece. It must be so; and, my life for it, if he makes her an offer, the girl is not fool enough to refuse him.—Bless me! did the bandage press too hard?—What’s the matter with you to-night?”

“Nothing,” said Haverill; “but that I’m tired, and want rest.”

The Doctor soon after left him, won-

dering at the whims young men take into their heads ; and he retired to bed, where before morning he had persuaded himself that Medley was a forward, impertinent fellow, proud of his fortune and independence, and he wondered at a man of his age daring to think of Anarella. “ Surely,” said he, “ she would not accept such an offer ! surely, she would not sacrifice herself for the sake of a jointure ! But how do I know it would be a sacrifice ? how do I know that the attachment may not be mutual ?—Well, be it so ; what have I to do with it ? I, who have chained myself to a curse ! I, who have neither home, nor fortune, nor hopes---hopes ! hopes of what ?”

The reader will easily imagine that this train of thought led Haverill to the knowledge of a truth, fraught only with a sense of guilt and misery, and leading only to despair. The first conviction that another loved Anarella, and loved her with a probability of succeeding, shewed him

his own hopeless and culpable attachment ; and never had Haverill so truly merited compassion, as at the moment when this struck his mind. To sleep was impossible. The agony of his mind produced a degree of fever that had made such rapid progress before morning, that when Doctor Twentymen came into his room he felt really alarmed.

“ Aye,” said that kind friend, “ I see I have been wrong, very wrong ; and instead of keeping you quiet, as I ought to have done after such an operation, I have let you chat with your old friends more than it was likely your strength would bear. Perhaps, too, Mr. Medley may have been too much for you ?”

Haverill sighed deeply, but made no reply.

“ Nay, nay, my young friend ! what, don’t let the blue devils resume their power over you,” said the Doctor, “ keep yourself quiet. I shall pass sentence of seclusion on you for the next three or four

days at least, unless I see an alteration materially for the better. And I desire you will not think of any thing to increase this irritability."

" I am incapable of thinking at all," said Haverill.

" So much the better," replied his friend ; " I don't want you to think ; we will think for you : and as you must have something to do (for I shan't allow any but your attendant to enter), I'll send for a cargo of Novels from the Circulating Library. I should be afraid of recommending some of the old school, as they might move you to laugh or to cry ; but nothing can be more perfectly harmless than many of the modern ones : you may read them from one end to the other without moving a muscle of your face, and when you have done, exercise your ingenuity in guessing what they have been about. Excellent narcotics ! Laudanum's a fool to them."

" I have had no rest," said Haverill, " and my shoulder is very painful ; per-

haps you can give me something of that kind now."

"No, no!" said the Doctor, "we'll attack the fever a better way than that: only for God's sake keep quiet. As to your old friends below, Medley will entertain them; and, between ourselves, he'll perhaps be glad to be left alone with them."

Haverill, conscious of his emotion, hid his face; and the Doctor, fearful he had talked too much, hastened to send for what he thought it necessary for him to take. This was soon after administered; and Broadhead was ordered upon duty, and placed in the dressing-room, to be within call.

But the fatal passion that had taken possession of Haverill, at a time when his bodily weakness was ill able to combat with the agonies of his mind, was of too powerful a nature to have its effects destroyed by the prescriptions of Doctor Twentymen, though they were as scienti-

fic as prescriptions could be ; he continued hot, irritable, full of pain and restlessness, and the gloom which had before almost overset his mind returned with ten-fold murkiness. Doctor Twentymen was exceedingly at a loss to account for this sudden change, and he was alarmed at it more than he owned to Haverill, for he knew there must be a cause for it, and it did not occur to him that this cause might be mental.

Leaving Mr. Haverill suffering under all the horrors of love and despair, we will now return to the rest of the party.

## CHAP. IV.

*The Doctor forms a wrong Conclusion, and acts upon it.—Medley in a new Character.—A Walk on the Terrace, and its Effect on Mr. Haverill.*

MRS. ST. ARNO, her niece, and MR. MEDLEY, met together in the breakfast-room before DOCTOR TWENTYMEN appeared; and ANARELLA perceived that MR. MEDLEY had not slept off his fit of gallantry: so far from it, indeed, that his manner was, if possible, warmer than it had been the preceding evening, and there was an air of happy bustling importance about him that was somewhat ludicrous. AS ANARELLA, however, had the tea to prepare, she avoided joining the conversation, and her aunt exerted herself to amuse MR. MEDLEY. A conversation not very interesting ensued, which was at last put an end to

by the entrance of the Doctor, who apologized for his tardiness, stating the reason of his delay, *videlicet*, the sudden illness of Haverill.

Mrs. St. Arno and Medley expressed their wonder and sorrow, as is customary on such occasions; indeed, the former was truly sorry; and they then asked a multitude of questions, which poor Twentymen was not always able to answer. While Medley moved Mrs. St. Arno's chair towards the breakfast-table, Doctor Twentymen walked up to Anarella, and held out his hand to her. She put her's into it, and raised her eyes to his with a look of apprehensive grief, that struck him exceedingly.

“ My dear Miss St. Arno, what is the matter? said he; “ why, your hand is like ice! why do you get so far from the fire? If I could impart a little of Haverill's warmth to you, and a little of your frigidity to him, you would both be more comfortable than you are.”

“ I am rather cold,” said Anarella, blushing; “ I shall be better when I have taken some tea.”

“ You are not usually so susceptible of cold, my love,” said her aunt, “ but, indeed, the dampness may affect you, you have been so long shut up with me. I thought you did not look as usual last night! I wish it would be fine an hour or two, you might walk out.”

“ Indeed, I am very well,” said Anarella; “ it was merely a shivering fit.”

“ Nevertheless, my fair charge, your aunt’s idea is a right one,” said the Doctor, “ and if the sun comes out, I shall certainly plead for a few turns on my terrace: I am sorry I cannot attend you myself, nor can I allow Mrs. St. Arno to venture with her cough, but Mr. Medley is a man of too much gallantry to suffer a lady to walk alone.”

“ If you say, Sir, that I must walk, and my aunt desires it,” replied Anarella, “ I will certainly go out, but it is on con-

dition that I take nobody else out in such an inclement season."

"Now positively that is downright cruel," said Medley, "and calculated to deprive me of a great pleasure. Nothing can delight me more than accompanying you, and I hope you do not mean absolutely to forbid it."

"I have no right, Sir, to forbid any thing you please to do," replied Anarella, "but with regard to walking, I am much in the habit of walking alone, and I prefer it. I am very whimsical sometimes, and not accustomed to be constrained."

To this Medley made no reply, and Mrs. St. Arno thought that she had never heard Anarella so rude to any one. She saw that Medley was hurt, and she was sorry for it, and willing to do away the feeling, she said, "In spite of all Anarella's love for solitary walks, Mr. Medley, she will be happy, I'm sure, to show you the green-house, and all the lions of

the Doctor's beautiful garden ; perhaps that may be as well for her as walking up and down the terrace at the very quick pace I know she is in the habit of using, and then standing ten minutes to admire a plant or a tree. That is all very well in warm weather ; but I think it is dangerous now."

The Doctor fancied now that he saw through all this, and that the niece feeling conscious of a preference for Medley, was desirous to conceal it from him, while the aunt was willing to give him an opportunity of discovering it. He was delighted with having made the discovery, and being always deeply interested in a love affair, he anticipated much pleasure in watching the progress of this. He now attributed Anarella's shivering fit to her agitation, in which he was right enough, though he mistook the cause of her alarm, and he determined that Medley should have fair play, and that while Haverill was up stairs, the

lovers should meet with as little interruption as possible. Nay, he even doubted whether it would not be right, because it would be doing as he would be done by, to keep that young gentleman in his own apartments a little longer than was absolutely necessary; but this he did not quite determine upon.

In order to begin operations in their favor, he furnished Mrs. St. Arno with a fresh number of the Edinburgh Review, knowing that she read always with great attention, and he recommended some engravings to Medley, till it was time for Miss St. Arno to walk. Anarella felt very angry when she heard him say this, and she blushed with vexation, which he thought very natural, as he did not dream the blush could arise from that source. Being then obliged to depart, he left the party, as he thought, in a very comfortable way, and already anticipated the pleasure of wishing the bride and bridegroom joy and felicity.

The reader may perhaps wonder, that Doctor Twentymen, with so many things of real importance to attend to, should trouble himself about what the wiser and more serious part of the world consider mere trifles and childish follies, unworthy the least attention from any but children or fools. But the truth is, the good Doctor had a kind and feeling heart, and considered the choice of a companion for life, of quite as much importance, as the purchase of a horse, or having good dogs: besides, he felt the inconvenience of being without a second self, and had in early life lost a most amiable young woman, to whom he was tenderly attached, by a premature death. This last circumstance even now, at times, affected him deeply, and led him to conclude, that next to the seven deadly sins, that of crossing true love was the most heinous offence man or woman could commit.

To Anarella's great joy, Doctor Twentymen had hardly been gone a quarter

of an hour, when Mr. Ingram arrived to call on Mr. Medley, and that gentleman perceiving, that unless he accepted Ingram's offer of shewing him some curious Roman antiquities that he had collected and arranged, in his own ground, he would sit with him an hour or two, took his hat and went out with him. Anarella never felt better pleased, and she watched the weather with some impatience, that she might take her exercise before Medley's return. She had not yet to learn, that employment shortens time, and she asked her aunt whether she should read the Review aloud to her. Mrs. St. Arno said, yes; and when they had satisfied their curiosity with the lucubrations of those self-constituted judges, the critics, they went up stairs to arrange the bridal clothes, which were collected in Mrs. St. Arno's dressing-room. They had not been long there, before the sun made an effort to shine, and Anarella, in compliance with her aunt's wishes, put on

her hat and pelisse, and went to walk upon the terrace.

The window-blinds in Haverill's room were down, and poor Anarella could not restrain her tears at the idea of what he probably suffered. She compared the happy lot of Medley, with a large paternal estate, strong health, powerful friends, and buoyant spirits, with that of poor Haverill, deprived of any immediate means of support, with broken health and a wounded mind, and she wondered why it should be so, as, in her opinion at least, there could be no comparison in the merits of the men. Indeed, Mr. Medley's present mode of conducting himself was so very disagreeable to her, that she resolved, if he continued it, to tell him explicitly, that it was unpleasant to her. Mr. Medley, as a companion, was very agreeable, but Mr. Medley, as a lover, a character he seemed to have adopted, was disagreeable, and Anarella was too delicate to like the

love, where she could not like the lover.

The air revived her and did her good, and as her aunt had begged she would remain out as long as she could, she continued to walk and to meditate, every now and then casting a glance at Haverill's window, to see whether he was yet well enough to bear more light. Had Haverill known Anarella was there, we are not sure that he would have had resolution to forbear looking at her ; but he knew nothing about it, and Anarella, having settled in her own mind that she would take ten turns round the terrace and then go in, was thinking that, perhaps, he was in bed, when she saw Broadhead draw up one of the blinds, and Haverill, in his robe de chambre, walk to the window. She was kissing her hand in return to his bow, when Mr. Medley ran hastily across the garden, and catching the hand she had kissed, offered to draw it through his arm, and began

to felicitate himself on having arrived before she had concluded her walk. **Anarella** was exceedingly provoked ; she coloured with vexation, and forcibly withdrew her hand. “ Upon my word, **Mr. Medley**,” said she, “ this behaviour is very foolish, and very unlike yourself. I really should not have expected this sort of mockery from a man of your general good breeding and experience in the world, and I must beg that you will lay aside your present character, and resume your old one.”

Though **Medley** felt displeased to be so addressed, he was too well persuaded that the observations he had made the preceding evening, were founded in truth, to ascribe **Anarella**’s present behaviour to any thing but coyness, arising from her consciousness that he was about to declare his affection, and perhaps partly occasioned by their being seen thus familiar by **Haverill**, who remained gazing on them, his eye fixed as if fascinated. In

reply then to what Anarella said, he only stood so as to prevent her from descending the steps ; and said, “ any character that would please Miss St. Arno, would be most agreeable to me, but I can appear in none in which I shall not be her most devoted servant.”

“ Well, then, Sir,” said Anarella, who was half tempted to smile from the sort of air he said this with, “ I make use of the power over my devoted servant, to desire that he will no longer obstruct my passage, but allow me to descend the steps.”

“ When a miser has once a treasure within his grasp, can you expect him to forego it ?” said Medley, “ or can you hope that those who have tasted the pleasure of a tête a tête with you, will willingly relinquish it, when it again presents itself ?”

“ Really, Sir, you are so figurative,” said Anarella, “ that I by no means wish to dive into your meaning. All I wish, is to retire to my own room.”

“ The sun resplendent shines ! a happy omen ! ” replied Medley, “ and I cannot allow you to escape, if it is in my power to prevent it. Favour me by taking my arm, and walking ten minutes longer, my dear Miss St. Arno.”

“ Excuse me, Sir ! I really cannot walk any longer,” said Anarella. “ I choose to go in, Sir, and I think you are too well bred to prevent me.”

“ Then if I allow you to pass, will you grant me half an hour’s conversation in the library, Miss St. Arno ? I left Ingram on purpose to enjoy the promised promenade, and I am not at all inclined to be disappointed,” said Medley.

“ Promised promenade ! Mr. Medley ? this is really very extraordinary,” said Anarella, “ you cannot say that I promised to promenade with you ; and if you will let me pass, the terrace is at your service.” She then again attempted to pass, and with his hat in his hand, he prevented her, moving playfully, as if he

enjoyed what he considered her tender confusion and her heightened colour.

“ Well, really Mr. Medley, you are in a very extraordinary humor this morning,” continued Anarella, with a scornful smile, “ I did not know you could so far lay aside the gentlemanly character you appeared in at Rhanvellyn ! If I must perforce remain here, at the risk of taking cold, to gratify your attempt at boy’s play, I must have patience ! at least I shall spare myself the trouble of further expostulation !” So saying, she turned round, and walked towards the other end of the Terrace.

“ Boy’s play !” said Medley, putting on his hat, and following her, “ you are certainly nice in your expressions ! If you really and seriously wish to leave me ; if you in earnest desire to retire, I shall not longer oppose it, Miss St. Arno.”

“ *If, Sir?* ” replied Anarella, “ did I speak then, Sir, as if I was in jest ? or is it

so surprising a thing that I should leave Mr. Medley's society, when I might enjoy it? You really make me smile! but I beg leave to add, that I *really* and *seriously* do wish to leave you, and that I do *in earnest* desire to *retire*." So saying, she tripped down the steps, excessively vexed that Haverill should have witnessed a scene, which to those who could only see and not hear, must have appeared very like a piece of sheer flirtation.

As to Mr. Medley, he was a good deal mortified, and a good deal surprised, at the way in which his conference with Anarella had terminated, and at first his good sense pointed out to him the possibility of his being mistaken with regard to her kind thoughts towards him. But unluckily for Medley, he had seen Haverill at the window, and to this he attributed the whole of her behaviour; as he conjectured that it was natural for a delicate-minded woman to wish such a conversa-

tion as he sought to be perfectly private ; and he continued walking and considering till near dinner time, and went in at last more pleased than displeased with what had passed.

## CHAP. V.

*Haverill determines to brave Danger.—Job's Comforters.*

UNABLE to remain in bed, Haverill rose to walk about his chamber, and the first thing, as we mentioned, that he saw from his window, was Anarella on the terrace. He witnessed the scene that passed with agony, and drew from it the very conclusions that Anarella supposed he would. "This is, I suppose, a salutary lesson for me," said he, as he turned away from the window with a deep sigh, after Anarella's departure; "and I must try to make it useful. I am indeed more severely punished for my unpardonable folly, than ever could have been in the contemplation of my greatest enemy; and provided I once relieve myself from my disgrace, I care not how soon my life ends. But I cannot con-

sent to resign it, stained with dishonour! No! I must be once more free, and see my enemies brought to shame! That thought alone can now preserve me. I have nothing else to live for." So saying, or so thinking (for he does not recollect exactly whether he really uttered the words) he lay down on his couch, and wept like a child. He was in this situation, when Dr. Twentymen returned to dinner, and came up to look at him. Haverill did not speak, and the Doctor, looking at him, said, "Well! and how has your medicine agreed? Bless me, your pulse gallops in a most jacobinical manner, setting all legitimate authority at defiance. How is the arm?" "Much the same," said Haverill, "and to tell you the truth, I am persuaded your sentence of perfect seclusion will kill me! I have nothing but my own sad thoughts to feed on, and I shall not live a week shut up."

"You must however consent to try it to-day and to-morrow," replied the Doc-

tor ; " but if you are very very tired of yourself, I will send Medley to you for half an hour in the evening." " No thank you," said Haverill, " he is too much for me." " What the deuce ! he won't be more alone than if you mixed with us and him too !" replied the Doctor. " I don't understand you."

" It is variety in conversation that relieves the mind," said Haverill, " if he comes here I must talk to him ; and I am not able to support my part in a *tête à tête*."

" Well there is something in that I own," returned Twentymen, " and I hope you will be well enough to come down to-morrow."

" *I will* come down to-morrow," said Haverill, " *I will* be well, and I am sure the effort to be so, will do me more good than lying here, ruminating on what is enough to drive me mad. I am determined to enjoy the little that remains of life, and I account every hour

I stay here, occupied in miserable regrets and dreadful presages, as one worse than lost. I set futurity at defiance ! It has not one blessing left for me, and I will drink the cup such as it is, to the very dregs. Don't oppose me, my dear friend ! You shall see that my presence shall cast no gloom over your more happy guests ; I will shew such a command of myself, as shall set you quite at ease with regard to me."

The Doctor thought Haverill a little light headed, and of course he did not oppose what he said. He administered his medicine to him himself, and begged that he would oblige him, by not leaving his room that evening. "As to to-morrow," said he, "we shall let to-morrow take care for itself. Do you know, I think there's a little love affair abroad, that may amuse you ! for somehow every body is amused with a love affair ! Then Twig is to be married on Monday, and I don't pretend to be a

prophet, but you and I shall certainly drink another bride's health before three months are over."

Haverill sighed, but made no reply.

"Why to be sure, my dear boy," continued the Doctor, "I am not very considerate, perhaps to talk of another man taking a wife, and such a wife too! for Miss St. Arno is an angelic creature! to you, whose only wish is to get rid of one! but sometimes any new subject serves to divert the thoughts, and Anarella is a prettier subject than Hardenbrass. They say he is now making more stir than ever to get rid of his wife, and that some charges are to be brought against her for indiscretions committed beyond the seas since her separation from him. All this however would not, I should think, ensure him success in procuring a divorce! it's a perfect trick! and I do believe he separated from her, and sent her abroad, only to procure some evidence against her. That fellow is certainly the greatest villain that

ever sucked in the atmosphere, and I do hope to live to see him have his deserts. I dare say now he has some young creature in view makes him so anxious about getting rid of his wife! Well, my boy! we shall hear in a few days I hope from Leaseown, and we must be in some measure guided by his judgment. I wish my devil of a profession did not tie me by the leg! I would be in London myself. But good bye! I must join the happy party below! but I won't stay! I won't spoil sport I declare." So saying, the good man again felt his patient's pulse, again shook his head, and went down to his friends.

The Doctor's surmises were confirmation strong to Haverill that what he suspected was really the case, and like a desperate man, he determined not to deprive himself of the dangerous pleasure of seeing and hearing Anarella, while he had the opportunity. He saw that Mrs. St. Arno would soon remove from H—, and

he conjectured that after such removal, he should probably meet them no more ; he knew that the indulgence would be fraught with the greatest danger to himself, but considering Anarella's affections engaged he thought she could be no sufferer, even if she perceived his inclination. This, however, he resolved she should not do for his own sake, for he wished her to esteem him, though she never now could love him, even if he was at liberty to sue for her heart.

This resolution changed the current of Haverill's thoughts, and he endeavoured to fortify himself against surprise by imagining all the soft things and tender attentions Medley could say or pay to his young mistress. He could not at the same time help thinking how happy a being Medley would be to possess a woman of so tender a disposition and so noble a mind. Odd as it may seem, these reflections lulled him to sleep as he lay on his couch, and he dreamt that he was the

happy husband of Miss St. Arno, and the possessor of an independent fortune. What his feelings were when he awoke, we forbear to say.

## CHAP. VI.

*Anarella angry.—Medley resumes his History.*

ANARELLA was exceedingly angry with Mr. Medley, but she thought the lesson she had given him would put a stop to his foolish manner of conducting himself, and she would not vex her aunt by telling her what had passed. She went down to dinner with a perfectly composed aspect, and she was pleased to see that Mr. Medley was more gentlemanly than he had been since his arrival at H—. The conversation at dinner turned on Haverill, and Doctor Twentymen spoke of him in a manner that made the ladies feel more alarmed for him than they had hitherto done. This threw a damp on the spirits of the whole party, and Mr. Medley, in-

dependently of that, was not very gay. Mrs. St. Arno, finding the conversation flag between dinner and tea, reminded Mr. Medley that he had promised to relate to them such of the circumstances of his life as he thought amusing. " You were interrupted at Rhanvellyn," said she, " but to-night I hope you will oblige us with the conclusion of your adventures; I'm sure the commencement was very amusing." Medley was pleased with an opportunity of speaking of himself, and complied in a very polite and agreeable manner, as follows :

*Continuation of Mr. Medley's History.*

" I believe, Ladies, I had just concluded the anecdote of the extraordinary exploit of the Rev. Giles Skutt, when we were interrupted by that worthy pillar of the church Mr. Blood, and as Miss St. Arno did me the favour to say that she liked my minute method, I shall continue in the same manner in which I commenced.

“ The dismissal of Skutt produced a debate in the house respecting the disposal of me, my mother declaring that she thought I had learning enough for any country gentleman, and my father, on the contrary, asserting that I wanted a great deal. My mother said, if I was to be teased again with more *bonus, bona, bonum*, she would prefer having another tutor in the house, as then my morals would be preserved, as well as my health, under her own eye, and I should not run the risk of forming connexions with the low upstart families, whose wealth, got in trade, was bringing them into notice. My father, *per contra*, urged, that as I should have a large property which would require management, he thought it would do me good to mix a little with mankind, and learn something of the various situations of life; that for his own part, he should not get through his justice business half so well, if he had not known something of common life, and he thought if they

could find any family that visited in a proper circle, who would take charge of me for twelve months in town, it would be much better than keeping me shut up at Medley Hall. These debates were carried on at all times, and my presence was no preventative to them; so that I had an opportunity of weighing the matter in my own mind during full ten months, and being inclined to see more than my father's domain could shew me, and satisfied that I should not be sent to a school, I at last joined my father's side of the question, and declared that I was very anxious to go where I could see something. My poor mother thought it very unkind in me to wish to leave her who doated on me; and if I could then have seen her grief in the same light I do now, perhaps I should have staid with her, spite of my wish for liberty and information.

“After the lapse of another three months, my father was fortunate enough to meet

with just such a situation as he desired for me. It was in the house of a barrister, who having nothing but his own merit to recommend him, had had but two briefs in six years, and now began to turn his mind to literary pursuits, to enable him to support a family he saw in prospect ; when I went to him, he had one little boy of a year old, and another only six weeks.

“Mr. Irlewig was of a respectable family in the county of N——, and had been brought up to the bar because it was a genteel profession, without at all considering how very unfit his disposition was for it. He was remarkably gentle, and rather shy ; fond of literary pursuits, and full of taste : had a particular dislike to wrangling or contention, though he rather liked a well managed argument ; he always intended to act prudently ; but he never could persuade himself to ask the price of any thing he was about to purchase, and the consequence was, that he often spent much more than he could

afford. Add to all these things, that he doated on his wife, and sought every means of gratifying her wishes, and you will not wonder that a small estate, yielding not more than from three to four hundred pounds *per annum*, would not suffice to keep his family.

“Perhaps no two people could be greater contrasts than Mr. Irlewig and his wife, and I derived no small advantage from the circumstance. Mrs. Irlewig was lively, active, and fond of pleasure, and cultivated a rather numerous and select acquaintance: she went often into public, and as her husband was pleased that she should do so, there was nothing excellent, nothing novel, that she did not see. She took no less pains to improve my manners, and teach me how to acquit myself in general society, than her husband did to give me general information; and whatever I possess that is good, I derived in the first instance from them. Being a tall boy of my age, and having assumed

the carriage of a man, I soon became an object of speculation to several mothers who had daughters about my own years to dispose of, and was not a little flattered by the attention paid me by the ladies of all ages. Among the rest was a young lady who was very fair, very pretty, and very lively, and I soon preferred her to the rest of the visitors at our house. At all dances she was my partner, and we seldom made a party for a play, a concert, or a country ride, without having her and her mother for companions. I insensibly became pleased with her, and contracted one of those boyish passions that perhaps nobody escapes. What height this might have risen to, had my persuasion that the young lady loved me continued, I know not; but I was happily spared the pain of a connexion my father would seriously have disapproved, by an accident that I believe has had great weight in keeping me single.

“ Mr. and Mrs. Irlewig took me with

them to Brighton, and my fair friend told me, that Mamma had said she should soon follow us. This intelligence of course gave me pleasure, and during the first week I asked Mrs. Irlewig half a hundred times when Mrs. Peyton and her daughter would come. She knew nothing about it, and began at last I believe to be alarmed at my earnestness, but without any cause; for the variety of people I saw soon diverted my attention, and for the last three weeks of our stay, I had forgotten Miss Peyton. When we returned to town they were absent, and it was not till near winter that I again met her. The sight of her, however, revived my gallant feelings, and I went up to her to inquire where they had been, and why they did not come to Brighton. She answered me as coolly as if she had never seen me before, and every time I spoke to her, I observed she turned her eyes to a middle-aged gentleman, who was sitting by her. I asked her in a whisper if that was a re-

lation, to which she answered no ; and soon after she desired I would not be so troublesome. My vanity was exceedingly mortified, but this was all explained in a few weeks, for Miss Peyton was married to the middle-aged gentleman, and I lost sight of her.

“ You will recollect, ladies, that I was then very young, and I assure you, that this behaviour made the deepest impression on me : I heard from time to time, that there was no truth in woman, and it is only very lately that I have begun to be cured of this prejudice, which has made me distrust, perhaps, some who were truly worthy.

“ I staid two years with Mr. Irlewig at my own request, and my father prevailed on that gentleman to accompany me to the continent, where he procured me the best masters in every department, What scrapes I might have got into at Paris, or elsewhere, I know not, if he had not contrived to prevent it, by keeping me em-

ployed in the pleasantest way in the world; we saw every thing that was to be seen, we conversed with the first men of the time, and when I was not so occupied, I was either attending my exercises at the schools, or receiving lessons at home.

“A thing happened, however, at Paris that gave Mr. Irlewig some uneasiness, and hastened our departure from that capital. In spite of his vigilance to prevent my forming any intimacy with my own countrymen, who were not previously known to me, I had at the schools contracted a friendship with a young man, who like myself, was making the grand tour under a tutor. I found that he did not like his tutor, and he soon began to confide his secrets to me. He told me that he was deeply enamoured of a beautiful woman, who returned his affection; and that his tutor had remonstrated with him on his folly in being determined to marry her. He had even written home to the father, to give him notice that un-

less he came over without delay his son would have formed a most disadvantageous connection: this he had been imprudent enough to tell the son; and it only hastened the catastrophe.

“The lady was an Italian and a married woman, but she no sooner found that her lover would be mad enough to marry her, than she became a widow; regular advice of the death of Signor Cignani was received, and it was at this period that young Deerford required my assistance. He had determined to marry the woman and carry her to Brussels; but he wanted money for the journey, and he prevailed on me to furnish him with a considerable sum.

“On the day after his marriage his father arrived, and the happy pair, owing to an accident that happened to their carriage before it had passed the Barrier were still in Paris. He was a young man of little resolution, though very headstrong, and he confessed who had furnished him with

money. His father informed my friend Irlewig, who very wisely only advised me to be more cautious to whom I lent it another time, and not liking the intimacy, I was inclined to continue, proposed passing the winter in Italy.

“ We went first to Geneva, where Mr. Irlewig was taken ill, and we were obliged to remain some weeks there. We boarded in the house of a physician, where I had an opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of Italian from a young man who was an inmate in the family, and with whom I contracted a friendship that lasted as long as he lived. I think I never saw deep melancholy more strongly impressed on any countenance than on Ricciardetti’s, and I did not wonder at it when I heard his misfortunes.

“ He was of a noble Neapolitan family, and had received an excellent education in France, where he had remained some time. On his return to his native country

he became attached to his cousin, and a day was fixed for their nuptials. On the night preceding the day on which he was to have married, he was torn from his bed, and thrown into a dungeon, where he remained some weeks without knowing how he had offended or why he was a prisoner. At last a person was sent to interrogate him, and from the tenor of his interrogatories, he learnt or rather had reason to suspect, that he was thus arbitrarily immured for having expressed his sentiments respecting the then recent revolution in France a little too freely to Lady H—, who had repeated, and perhaps exaggerated what he had said. As her Ladyship was an Englishwoman, poor Ricciardetti imagined that he was at least safe from an information, if he ventured to express a sentiment in favor of general liberty and the rights of the many: he forgot that the woman was the bosom friend of the Queen of Naples,

and he learnt by fatal experience, that she was the basest and most unprincipled of her sex.

“ Three years he continued immured in a loathsome prison, without hearing from or being able to communicate with his family, who were in the greatest despair at his disappearance ; but did not dare to make any inquiry after him ! such are the blessings of arbitrary authority ! Ricciardetti was only one among many, and I heard with surprise that it was a very common occurrence for persons to disappear suddenly ; about whom, to make any inquiry, would only have been to incur the same danger. Many were heard of no more, and many returned to their friends with broken health and minds, and ruined fortunes.

“ At the end of three years Ricciardetti was restored to liberty without any assigned reason, as he had been immured, and he returned sick, squalid and wretched to his parents, who had given up all

hopes of seeing him again. He found that his young cousin had been two years married, and that his friends were almost afraid of being seen with him, as he was evidently a suspected person. This determined him to leave Italy, at least for a time, and to visit Switzerland, where he had formerly friends. He was passing some time with the physician, who received us into his house, and had derived much advantage from his conversation as well as his skill.

“ You will not wonder, ladies, that at my time of life the story of Ricciardetti interested me, or that his sufferings rendered me indignant : I learnt to value the laws of my own country, which secure the persons of individuals from such arbitrary oppression, and to detest tyranny in every shape ; and every subsequent observation I made, while on the Continent, served but to impress these sentiments more deeply on my mind.

“ My young Italian friend expressed a

strong desire to visit England, and we furnished him with letters of introduction, that afterwards proved useful to him. Poor fellow ! he was one of those who are born to trouble, for he had wretched health while in this country, and from some cause his pecuniary resources failing, he would probably have been starved to death, had not my father assisted him. He afterwards became attached to an English lady, who seemed to return his affection; but she refused him her hand, on account of the difference of religion, and this made him quit the country and enter the French army. He survived but one campaign, and I lost a pleasing correspondent, and an affectionate friend.

## CHAP. VII.

*Continuation of Mr. Medley's History.*

“ DURING our stay at Geneva, Mr. Irlewig sent me with a party to visit the glaciers, and every object of notoriety that usually attracts the notice of travellers. Every spot about the beautiful lake of Geneva, that has been sung or celebrated, became familiar to me, and I longed to stay for ever in such a paradise. I shall not, however, attempt to give you a description of what I saw, for any book of travels must have done that better than I could. I shall only say, that I regretted much leaving Geneva and Ricciardetti, and turned my face towards Italy, not expecting to be half so happy there as I had been at Geneva. This was truly

boyish, but it was nevertheless a pleasing sensation, and I don't know that riper years repay us for the loss of this sort of enthusiasm.

“ Just before we left Geneva, Mr. Irlewig became acquainted with a gentleman of our nation, who, according to his own account, had been travelling on the Continent for amusement, and who recommended himself to my tutor by his great taste, knowledge, and classical attainments, as well as his powers of communicating what he knew. Like ourselves he was going to Rome, and he proposed to Mr. Irlewig to join our party during the journey. He spoke Italian like a native, and Mr. Irlewig was glad that I should have the advantage of his conversation. His name was Bennett, and it appeared that he was well acquainted with most families of consequence in his native country, where, however, he was by no means a constant resident; he said too, he had many friends

at Rome, and should be glad to be of use to us.

“ If my tutor was pleased with our new companion, I was still more so, for he accommodated himself to my ideas and my humor, and I am almost ashamed to say, that before we had reached Florence, where we passed some days, he had gained a great influence over me, and I began to wish that he had been selected to accompany me instead of Mr. Irlewig. It was not that any dispute had arisen between my tutor and myself, but he was a man who did not possess the popular manners of our new friend, and though I both loved and esteemed him, I never could divest myself of a sort of awe in his presence, which served to restrain me frequently from expressing all I felt. This was by no means the case with Mr. Bennett, who encouraged me to talk of follies and fooleries better buried in oblivion when once they were passed, and which did not need the com-

mendation of a man so much older than myself to make them earnestly desired. He was an admirable manager, and took care that Mr. Irlewig should not hear any thing he might have been alarmed at; and as that gentleman made rather voluminous notes on what he saw, Mr. Bennett and I had many hours to ourselves, which sometimes we did not employ very wisely.

“ To my great misfortune, we had hardly arrived at Rome, when Mr. Irlewig took cold, and was again confined by illness, and he felt happy to commit me to the care of Bennett, who undertook to conduct me to every spot that was interesting in that ancient capital of the world. He kept his word; but he did still more, for he introduced me to houses where I soon grew fond of high play, and at first was tolerably successful. As the houses I frequented were those of persons of rank, and as I met the best society there, Mr. Irlewig was not at all

alarmed for me; but when he grew better, and became once more able to accompany me in our daily excursions, he observed that my mind was distracted, and turned from what had formerly given me pleasure, and he began to fear that some unworthy attachments had been the cause of it.

Without speaking to me respecting his fears, or his suspicions, he watched my movements, and found that I was every morning at the house of an Italian lady of high birth, but not the strictest reputation in the world, and that I often even went there in the evening in company with other young men, who, like myself, enriched the hostess by losing sums of money to her or her agents. This discovery alarmed Mr. Irlewig very much, especially as the young Englishman I had known at Paris, and his Italian wife, were now in Rome frequenting the same society, and I had renewed my intimacy with them.

“ The lady of my friend had a sister, a beautiful girl, who, as it was said, was destined to take the veil, and I was told, that after remaining a few weeks with her brother-in-law, she would retire to a convent, and begin her noviciate. Mr. Bennett was acquainted with the whole family, and often spoke to me in the highest terms of Maria, lamenting her fate, and wishing that she might escape it, by inspiring some man worthy of her with an honorable passion. Pity first, and afterwards the tender looks of Maria, and her still more tender sighs, inspired me with a passion for her; but I had not been so long in Rome without imbibing the idea of gaining her without the ceremony of marriage: all my proposals, however, to that effect, were rejected with scorn. Her brother-in-law spoke to me with some warmth respecting Maria, and seemed to consider, that his own honor was wounded by the proposals I had made: I replied with some warmth,

and we parted in ill-humour, he forbidding me his house, and I promising that I would not, on any account, consent to return there.

“ Mr. Irlewig knew none of these last circumstances, but he came to the determination of accompanying me himself wherever I chose to go, and he actually went with me to the house of Signora Carlucci, where I was, as I said before, in the habit of attending. He soon understood the whole proceeding, and when we returned home, he asked how much I had lost. I replied, but a mere trifle. “ And are you in the habit of losing only trifles?” said he. I believed I looked embarrassed, and without waiting for an answer, he went on.

“ It is my duty, Sir, to warn you that you are on the brink of a precipice. The people you play with are too much for you, and probably there is some one of the party who has a particular end to answer by leading you into this kind of

society. Let me advise you to beware of losing a large sum of money! if you have already done so, tell me, and let the debt be discharged."

"False shame prevented me from acknowledging that I already owed Mr. Bennett a large sum, and I only replied, that whatever I owed I knew my father would not object to discharge. Mr. Irlewig saw that he had lost all influence over me, and he said, that he should write to my father to solicit a recall: I replied, that I should choose in that case to remain in Italy, and we parted for the first time not friends.

"You must not do me the injustice to imagine, that I felt no pain at this circumstance, for I certainly did; but my mind was unhinged, and I did not see all the impropriety of my conduct. Whether it affected Mr. Irlewig too much, I know not, but he was again taken ill, and I was thus left at full liberty to pursue my own plans.

About this time the carnival began at Rome, and I entered into the spirit of it with all the enthusiasm of youth. One evening I was accosted by a lady masked, who asked me in a voice I was unacquainted with, if I was the Signior Inglesi; to which of course I answered affirmatively. A long conversation ensued, which terminated in her assuring me, that she had news of the greatest importance to me to communicate, and that she would the following day be in a certain church she named, with a person whom I perhaps might be glad to see. I was busily employed in conjecturing who she might be, and had already satisfied myself that she was some person employed by Maria who intended to meet me, when another female addressed me, and asked if I was the Signior Medlaio. On being satisfied in this point, she led me to a part of the walk where I found Maria herself waiting to receive me. It is needless to tell what was the substance of our

conversation, consisting on her part of protestations of grief at my neglect of her, and on mine of vows of affection and lamentations at our separation. What she said convinced me that the first female was not in any way connected with her, and I began to be curious to discover which of my acquaintance it could be. I, however, agreed to meet Maria on the following evening in the same place, and we took leave of each other without my perceiving any one near who could have an interest in observing us. The next morning I called in at Signora Carlucci's, and met Maria's brother-in-law, who appeared to me much out of spirits. He spoke to me, which I had not expected, and began to wish that he was in England, and that he had never left it. This I understood, for I had heard that his wife did not conduct herself in a proper manner, and I began to suspect that her sister was like herself, a sort of adventurer. He asked me if I did not meet Maria the

preceding evening, to which I replied, that he had no right to inquire into my movements. He shook his head, and we were interrupted by the arrival of a young man who carried off my countryman.

I did not fail in my appointment with the unknown lady, who was not long before she arrived. "I am glad to see that you are punctual, Inglese," said she, "and I hope you will not repent it. I have it in my power to do you a great service, but I shall expect to be remunerated."

"What is the service first?" said I; "and next, what remuneration do you expect?"

"In the first place, do you love your wife, or are you, as is generally the case, anxious to get rid of her?"

"I hesitated to reply to this, because I perceived that she had mistaken me for Maria's brother-in-law, whose name was English, which the Italians changed naturally enough into Inglese, and she per-

ceiving my embarrassment said, “What! do you hesitate to say you are tired of her? Then I will tell you, that you ought not to hesitate, for at this very time she has more than one affair on her hands, and with your own countrymen too. She thinks to go unpunished, but I cannot suffer it! She has robbed me of a lover who brought me a fine revenue, and I will expose her and the woman she means for that foolish gull Medlaio. They have pillaged him pretty well, which you know nothing about, and she hopes he will take Maria. As the service I shall do you will be very great, I shall expect five hundred crowns for it.” “You shall have it,” said I; anxious to know more about people who it seemed were combined against me.

“Then,” said she, “I take your word for it at present, and you will not deceive me, for you will know the value of my information when I tell you, that Cignani is not dead, but is at present in Rome.

Bring the money this evening to the gate of St. Peter's, and you shall see Cignani, whom you may secure! I will be with him myself, but take care not to impart this to Bennett, he is the lover of your wife."

This communication shewed me what a gulph I was about to fall into, and I had no doubt but Mr. Bennett had completely pigeoned me, and was privy to Signora Inglish's design of marrying me to Maria. I had sense enough to go instantly and confess the whole affair to Mr. Irlewig, who went with me to call on Inglish. We did not find him, but we followed him, and Mr. Irlewig imparted to him what had passed. He agreed to give the five hundred crowns, or twice the sum, to be delivered from his wife; and I think I never saw any one more delighted than he was with the prospect of liberty. Mr. Irlewig, however, pointed out to him the necessity of quitting Rome immediately if this in-

formation proved correct, and we agreed to go together to Naples.

“ Having then made every preparation for our departure, we took an officer with us, and stationed ourselves with the happy husband in the porch of St. Peter’s, where we had not waited long, before we saw my unknown lady enter leaning on the arm of a man, whom the officer we had with us happened luckily to know ; it was Cignani himself. The officer accosted him, and finding himself completely in the toils, he acknowledged that he was the husband of Signora Inglese. We took him to a magistrate, before whom he signed a declaration to that effect, and was at the request of Mr. Irlewig ordered into custody till the following evening. Inglis gave the woman the money with greater joy than he had ever paid any in his life ; and we all three adjourned to his house, where we secured his valuables, and removed them to our own.

“ Mr. Irlewig then sent for Mr. Bennett,

who was not found till late in the evening. He agreed to receive a much smaller sum than he claimed, rather than have his conduct represented to the English minister, which Mr. Irlewig said he certainly must do, if he persisted in a demand for money so fraudulently obtained, and this happily settled, we departed from Rome, and began our journey to Naples."

## CHAP. VIII.

*Continuation of Mr. Medley's History.*

“ **W**HAT had happened at Rome re-established a perfect cordiality between Mr. Irlewig and myself ; and as to Inglish, his joy was so unbounded, that we could hardly make him sit quietly in the carriage. Our journey, however, was not at all pleasant ; for the roads were wretched, and towards the evening of the first day, we were compelled by a heavy fall of rain to shelter ourselves and our horses in the miserable cabins of some villagers, who, finding us foreigners, refused us entrance, as being no christians. We had not lived so long in Italy without learning the necessity of being outwardly good catholics ; indeed Inglish had become so at the instigation of his wife ; but he now hated her so cordially, that he would not do the smallest thing she would have ap-

proved, and we could not persuade him to make the sign of the cross.

“ As we had a good deal of property with us, we were anxious to reach the end of the stage, where we hoped to be in greater safety than we could possibly be in a village filled with poor creatures who had so many temptations to be preying on their neighbours. But the weather was too bad to allow us to attempt it, and we were fain to draw the carriage under a shed, and to take up our abode in it for the night. Our two servants, who were both Italian, were accommodated in one of the huts, and the driver took care of his horses as well as he could. The people of the place did not like this arrangement, they would have preferred giving us a room in one of the cabins, and we did not half like the muttered queries of “ What do they fear? Are they staying to guard their money?” We had, however, no choice, and having each loaded our pistols, we agreed that one should watch

while the other two slept; for we felt almost certain that an attempt would be made upon us.

“Inglis declared he could not rest; and as that was the case, Mr. Irlewig and myself composed ourselves to sleep, requesting that he would wake me at the end of two hours. I was, however, awakened long before by the howling of the wind, the beating of the rain, and a tremendous thunder storm, that made us doubt whether our situation in the carriage was safe. While we were hesitating whether to leave it or not, the electric fluid fell in another direction, and struck an unfortunate peasant who was kneeling, as indeed all the Italians were, praying to their saints, and perhaps we found our safety in their fears. When the storm was over, and not till then, they took up the poor fellow who had been the sufferer, and an old woman, who had the look of a witch, began to mumble charms over him, at least so we supposed,

but without any effect. We witnessed the scene which took place in a cabin close by us, and Mr. Irlewig offered to bleed the man, which at first they objected to ; but at last his brother so far overcame his dislike to a foreigner as to let him try. He succeeded in getting blood from his arm, and before morning, the poor creature was again sensible.

“ As soon as day-light appeared, we ordered the postilion to harness the horses, and having purchased some milk and such bread as we could get, we prepared to commence our journey, felicitating ourselves with having escaped so well.

“ The roads were so much worse, that we found great difficulty in proceeding even at a walking pace, and the cold was extreme. At the distance of about half a mile from the place where we had staid all night, a man suddenly sprung from a high hill on the side of the road, and I presented my pistol at him, fully persuaded that he would be followed by others. He

proved, however, to be the brother of the man Mr. Irlewig had bled ; and stopping our carriage, he told us that we had better prepare to resist an enemy at a certain point, which he named. We inquired what he meant, and he answered, that the great Captain was out, and had received notice of our arrival the preceding evening. This was all that we could learn from him, and he suddenly retreated and disappeared.

“ I confess, for my own part, that I was by no means pleased with the prospect of an action with banditti, however romantic and pretty it may sound, and I wished myself safe at Naples. Then my friend Irlewig was not well ; he was harassed and fatigued, and kindly anxious for me. We however prepared against a surprise, and as we had every reason to believe our servants honest, we did not hesitate to put fire arms in their hands : as to the driver, we did not dare to trust him.

“ At the part of the road the man had

mentioned, we perceived four horsemen, armed with carbines and cutlasses, galloping towards us, and we immediately left our carriage, and prepared to receive them. As soon as they were within hearing, they demanded our money and valuables, which demand we answered by a discharge of our fire-arms, that happily took effect, for one man, and the horse of another, was wounded. The robbers were not slow in returning our fire, and a sort of general action ensued, which terminated by the retreat of the banditti, on account of a severe wound I gave their leader in the head with a cutlass I had taken from their wounded man. We, on our part, did not escape free from injury : my servant was killed ; Mr. Irlewig had a sabre wound on the arm, which we were obliged to close and bind up as well as we could, and Inglish had a bullet in his shoulder.

“ In a state of great anxiety, we proceeded to a small town, where I sent to seek for a surgeon, and a person came to me

who appeared to have belonged to the fraternity of barber-surgeons, so much in vogue a hundred years ago, but now extinct in England. I was very unwilling to trust my friends to this man, who seemed to have practised only the first part of his profession ; and I luckily recollect, that if there was a convent near, I might find what I wanted among the monks. Leaving then my friends to the care of Inglish's man and the landlord of the house, I took my horse and proceeded to a convent at the distance of about a league, where I no sooner made known my distress, than the superior directed one of the community to attend me, and recommended me to have my friends, if possible, conveyed on litters to the monastery, where they could be better taken care of and nursed than at the wretched inn they now inhabited. I thankfully accepted his offer, and set off with my new companion, who I found was not an Italian, but I could not guess exactly of what country he was.

He did not leave me long in doubt, for he asked whether I was English, with a strong Scotch accent, and on my answering in the affirmative, he said he was happy to have it in his power to be of use to a countryman. I expressed my surprise and pleasure at meeting with a Briton in so remote a part of the world, and inquired how long he had been in Italy.

“ Italy has been my country for the last five or six years, Sir,” replied he, “ but I shall probably soon return to England. I have friends there: do you know the Duke of Trimingham?” I replied that I knew nothing more of him than that he was reported to be mad. “ Mad enough!” replied the Scotchman, “ so he was from the very first moment he came to his title, as I have heard my father say, who was about him almost constantly, and often employed when he became a little outrageous. He liked my father, who was pretty well known in England, and had the reputation of enjoying the favours of

the old **Duchess**, **I** mean the **Duke's** mother."

" Do you mean, **Sir**, that you are the son of the celebrated **Mr. Trothsay**, who was so many years agent to the **Duke**?" said **I**. " Exactly so, **Sir**," replied he, " and my father, knowing the **Duke's** partiality to every thing **Scotch**, had me educated in **Scotland**; from thence he sent me to **Rome** to learn **Italian**, and to **Vienna** to learn **German**. My father was privately a true **Catholic**, as is the **Duke** and his son **Hardenbrass**, though, in consequence of the inconveniencies attending the professing that religion in **England**, they enjoy a dispensation from attending mass publicly. My father recalled me, to place me about **Hardenbrass**, to whom **I** rendered myself so necessary, that he undertook nothing without me; and **I** contributed more to his pleasures than any other person about him. He was concerned in some transactions which produced a great deal of money to him, but in

which, from the prejudices of mankind, and the peculiar way of thinking in England, he could not well appear ; though, for my own part, I saw nothing wrong in them, I take the Holy Virgin to witness ! I undertook to be responsible for all, and he was to indemnify me ; but when, by an unfortunate accident, a discovery was unavoidable, he abandoned me to the fury of the law, and I was happy enough to escape its pains by the sacrifice of a considerable sum of money. Since that time, as you see, I have professed, and am indeed happier than I shou'd have been in the world."

" But whence your skill in surgery, Sir ?" asked I, " for I think your father was no surgeon, though, according to all accounts, the Duke's tenants found he could bleed."

" Your question is a very natural one," replied Mr. Trothsay, or as he was called, Brother Antonio. " My father thought that as the favour of the great is not to

be depended on, it would be advisable to have me taught some profession, to which I might have recourse in a case of accident; and as I had a natural taste for surgery, he allowed me to study it, and use every advantage my residence in Edinburgh gave me. He had a double view in this, for he did not doubt but I should be more useful to my patrons with this knowledge than without it."

"How so," said I, "I cannot see what recommendation it would be to the Duke of Trimingham or the Marquis of Hardenbrass, that you could bleed or extract a ball."

"Perhaps not," said Brother Antonio, "you are a young man, and may not have had much experience; but where so many females, whose reputation must not be compromised, are concerned, there is at least one branch of the profession which must be eminently useful."

"I began now to understand in what way he had turned his skill in surgery to ac-

count, and since I have heard Mr. Haverill's history, I see still more clearly the sagacity of old 'Trothsay.'

"Good heavens!" cried Mrs. St. Arno, interrupting Medley in this place, "do you think it possible that this could be the person who attended Lady Letitia?"

"Certainly not, ma'am," replied Medley, "for if he had again ventured into England, there would have been no scruples on his part with respect to murdering the child, nor any necessity for a pistol on the part of the Marquis."

"True!" said the old lady, "I might have divined that; but I spoke without thinking. I beg pardon, Sir, for interrupting you—pray proceed."

Mr. Medley did proceed, as the reader may see in the next chapter.

## CHAP. IX.

*Mr. Medley's History continued*

“ **B**ROTHER Antonio carried us off to the convent, to the great distress of our landlord, who had not had a distant view of such a harvest as our stay would have produced since he kept the inn. There was something ludicrous in his anger, which peeped through the loop holes of his piety, of which he made a great display to the holy brother. I did not wonder that monks were proud, when I saw the profound reverence with which every being in the village addressed brother Antonio, and a poor woman with a sick child brought it for him to touch, hoping that his holy touch, and the prayers she should pay for, would restore it. He looked at me, when she addressed him,

in a way that shewed he would rather I should not have been present at the scene; but I took no notice, for I had seen superstitions so gross since I had been in Italy, that nothing surprised me. There are daily, nay, hourly miracles performed in that country, which hundreds are ready to attest, and which are as religiously believed as those holy miracles wrought by our Saviour and his apostles, and which excite an equal degree of admiration and awe in the minds of the many. I am fully convinced, from what I observed there, that you might persuade a whole city you had raised the dead to life, or that you flew away to Heaven on the back of an eagle. Then the credulity of the people, with regard to the masses said for the sick, is equally great! A circumstance came to my knowledge, in a subsequent visit to Sicily, that shews pretty well how the priests use their influence. I will relate it here, though rather misplaced.

“ An English family of my acquaintance have resided many years in Sicily, and were unfortunate enough to have an only son, who was born an ideot; he had besides a general weakness of body, and no use of his limbs.

“ His Sicilian nurse loved and pitied the child extremely, and nothing could exceed the care she took of him. One day, after she had been some time in the family, she came to the mother and began to lament most piteously, that in spite of all the Doctors had done for master Guglielmo, he still continued the same! as afflicted as ever! she said.

“ My friend Mrs. Anderson could only join in the lamentation, for she did not at first understand that the woman had a further aim; but she soon found that she wanted fresh assistance for poor Guglielmo.

“ Indeed, nurse,” said she, “ if I knew where to apply for it, I should be as ready as yourself to send; but you know

very well, that we have had the best physicians Naples affords, and I do not now hope, that my little Guglielmo will ever be better."

" Ah ! Signora, if I dared but speak," said the nurse, " there is a way you have not tried, and I'm sure it would do ! my good father tells me it would ! he knows the dear Guglielmo would soon be cured, if God's own people prayed for him ! and if you would but let him have some prayers, Signora, it would make me so happy ! and I'm certain God would hear them !"

" Mrs. Anderson saw the poor creature had set her heart upon the thing, and that if she refused her, she would be very unhappy : she told her, therefore, that if she and the good father thought it would cure the child, she had no objection to try it ; she might pay the holy father for his prayers, and try their efficacy.

" At the end of a month, during which Guglielmo had been regularly prayed for,

she asked the nurse if she thought the child better.

“ Oh ! no, Signora, and grievous disappointment it is to us all ! ” replied nurse.

“ Well then, I think we may as well give over troubling the good father,” returned Mrs. Anderson, “ I have allowed a sufficient time you see.”

“ Nurse shook her head and said, she could tell her how it was that it did not succeed now—the good father had told her how it was.

“ And pray tell me then,” said Mrs. Anderson.

“ Why, Signora, the prayers can’t do good, because you and the Signor are not Christians, and true servants of God,” said nurse ; “ and the good father bid me tell you, that if you were, the prayers would have cured our dear Guglielmo before now ! I hope, Signora, you are not offended ! ”

“ Not at all, my good nurse,” said Mrs.

Anderson, "your good father understands his business very well. As far as a few prayers go, I have no objection to satisfy any wish of your's, but I cannot do more! so poor Guglielmo must take his chance, and trust that God will be merciful to him, though we are not the disciples of your good father."

"I think I have seen worse than that myself!" said Anarella, "but of all the horrid effects of popery and superstition, the rooted persecuting hatred the professors of that religion are taught towards those of every other persuasion, disgusts me most. It is so truly antichristian! I have been a great deal with papists, and they deny that there is any such spirit among them, but the recent horrible scenes in the south of France, instigated by bigotry, are sufficient I should think to put the world on its guard against any such assertions."

"Popery is so convenient a religion," said Medley, "that all we could do or

say against it, would never persuade its professors to relinquish it. In a country where the morals are in so relaxed a state as you know they are in Italy, it is of infinite use to all those who believe that they have souls to take care of: and I do not see, upon my honour, how it would be possible for people who, generally speaking, do wrong, at least, what we consider wrong, seven days in the week, to get on, unless they had the priest's sponge to wipe off the score. I don't wonder that Hardenbrass is a papist, for example, his mind is at once set at rest, and as he has money enough, he will easily procure absolution for more than one murder at a time. Depend upon it he pays dearly, both for his absolutions and his dispensations, and yet, with him, it is well spent money too. By-the-bye, I really should like to come at the truth of that story about the duke's death. Like others, when at Rhanvellyn, I took it for granted, that the duke was alive,

though before I went I was well assured he was dead! but the deception was so well kept up, if deception it is, that I suffered myself like the rest of the world to be gulled by it. I would give something to know whether there is a duke or no duke, and I think a little time will discover."

"Oh yes!" said Anarella, "there is certainly a duke! I'm quite sure there is!"

"May I ask what renders you so *quite* sure, my dear Miss St. Arno? I can't help having some misgivings about it, I confess," said Medley; "and though I heard noises and screams, and was told the duke appeared to Mrs. Fuzman; yet might not all this be got up for representation, and acted, to enable so many visitors to spread their conviction, that the duke is really alive? I am, upon reflection, become more incredulous than ever, and I should, perhaps, have swallowed the general appearance more easily

if we had not had that night scene. I say again, if I had the slightest acquaintance with Colonel Rhanvellyn, or his daughter, I would advise him to have the castle searched. If it was discovered that the duke was really dead, the infamous Hardenbrass would, perhaps, be glad to restore the property, rather than have the story blazed abroad, and in that case the colonel would return in triumph; but if not, he would know that at his death, his daughter would come into full possession of his property, and, however, indifferent his present unfortunate connexion may make him towards a child, with whom I understand he has had no personal intercourse for some years, yet it would naturally give him more pleasure, than Hardenbrass' retention of it can do."

"I should be of your opinion, Sir," said Mrs. St. Arno, "but my niece actually saw the duke."

"Where, in the name of wonder?"

exclaimed Medley, “ did he pay her a visit too.”

This question threw Anarella into great confusion, but Mrs. St. Arno, who remembered his visit to her niece, with gratitude answered, “ Yes, Mr. Medley ! he entered the room she was in, and she can have no doubt about it ! he is a tall muscular man.”

“ Could he see ? ” said Medley, still incredulous.

“ I believe so,” said Anarella.

“ And do you think he could hear ? ” continued Medley.

“ Oh yes ! certainly he heard me scream, I’m sure ! ” said Anarella.

“ Then the rogues have overshot themselves,” answered Medley, “ for according to the reports that are given out at Trimingham House, he is blind, deaf, and feeble, and yet his only pleasure is playing on the piano forte. Folks do sometimes tell more than they ought. As to my own part, I do believe that he is,

and has been long, both blind, deaf, and senseless, and what is more, he will never be more or less so than he is now. Depend upon it, that was a man dressed up for the occasion, who had orders to frighten somebody, to make his appearance remarked, and probably he is now a mere attendant on the empty room."

"I cannot think so," said Anarella, "I cannot think so! you may be assured that the Duke of Trimingham lives, and that the person I saw was the real duke."

"If he lives," said Medley, "I believe you saw the real duke, but I am not assured that he lives; and the great fuss there has been lately about him, makes me almost certain that it is much ado about nothing! However, it is no business of mine! I neither know Rhanvellyn nor his daughter, nor any body connected with them, but notwithstanding all that, I should love to bring villainy to light."

“If there is any villany there, I hope it will be brought to light,” said Mrs. St. Arno, “but I am of Anarella’s opinion.”

“It does credit to the goodness of your hearts, ladies, to think as you do, that such villany is too improbable,” replied Medley, “but I do not give up my opinion till after Rhanvellyn is searched, which I hope it will be ere long! But I have wandered widely from my story! I don’t know how it is, Rhanvellyn haunts me!”

“And me too!” said Anarella, “and yet I had nothing pleasant to think of there!”

Mr. Medley looked mortified at what Anarella said, but he made no reply to it, except by resuming the thread of his narration.

## CHAP. X.

*Continuation of Mr. Medley's Narrative.*

“WE were very comfortably accommodated in the monastery, where we remained some weeks, as in the first place our sick were not able to move sooner, and in the next we were desirous to avoid the roads in a very wet spring. I passed my time agreeably enough, for I had variety of conversation, some books, and when I chose to amuse myself abroad, a fine domain to wander over. I found most of the monks very stupid uninteresting fellows, some few enthusiasts, and a very small number, indeed, with any intelligence. They were all glad to converse, but it was on subjects that appeared to me so trifling or so absurd, that I soon ceased to be amused by them, and Brother Antonio and the superior were ere long our

chief companions. Generally speaking, they were dissatisfied with their condition, and expressed great regret at the idea of losing our society. We certainly did not return the compliment, but on the contrary were glad to move once more to a place, where we might see men a little more like ourselves. We returned them all they would accept, our thanks, and arrived at Naples without any farther accident.

“ We there found letters from my father, urging my return home on account of his own declining health, and we immediately secured a vessel to convey us to Gibraltar, from whence we did not doubt getting a passage to England.

“ A few days necessarily elapsed before we sailed, and I did not lose the opportunity to ascend Vesuvius. Luckily for me there was an eruption at the time, and I shall never forget the sublimity of my sensations on that expedition. But it is a hacknied subject, and I pass it over. On

the evening before our intended departure I was walking in the bay enjoying the bewitching prospect, when I observed two men in long cloaks, who seemed to turn as I turned, and to keep an eye on my movements. I immediately thought of Signora Cignani and her sister Maria, and felt with reason afraid that they might have commissioned some persons to revenge them on me for the part I had acted in their affairs. Not willing, however, to alarm them, I looked at my watch, and returned at a very slow pace towards the town. I had no sooner made this movement, than they seized me, threw a large cloak over me, thus preventing me from crying out, and carried me to a part of the bay where a boat lay, into which they conveyed me, and put off towards a xebeck that was at a distance. When we were at some way off the shore they uncovered my head, and I was then fully aware of my misfortune; I saw that I had fallen into the hands of Corsairs,

who doubtless hoped to obtain a large sum of money for my ransom. At any time the loss of liberty is painful, but to me at this time it was particularly so, for I feared the circumstance of my capture might hasten my poor father's death, and that I should never see him again.

“The captain of the xebeck was on deck, and eyed me from top to toe, with much the same air a man examines a horse or bullock he is about to buy. He ordered me to deliver my property, which I did, as well as a pair of pocket pistols I always carried. I presented them to himself, saying they were English and excellent good. When I was disarmed he ordered me to follow him into his cabin, and said in Italian, ‘You are English?’ ‘I am,’ said I, ‘and as I conceive, Sir, that money is your object in seizing me, I beg to know what you fix my ransom at, that I may without loss of time write for it.’

“‘It is not so easy to determine that,’ said he, ‘you have cost me some trou-

ble, and my men ran great risk in making themselves masters of your person.'

" I could hardly help swearing to hear that I was to pay for the extra trouble these gentlemen had had, but as calmness was more likely to do good than violence, I only asked how I came to be singled out by his people, as an object worthy of their peculiar exertions. To this he replied, that he was of course employed, or his men would not have been sent on the service. ' It was your wife, Sir, who employed me,' continued he. ' I found from this that I had been again mistaken for English, and in reply I shook my head, and said, there must be a mistake, as I had no wife. 'The fact is, Sir,' said I ' that your people have mistaken me, and that some other must have been intended to be seized. I assure you, upon my honor, that I never was married.'

" ' I am heartily sorry to hear it,' said he, ' for I shall lose the money I was to

have received on account. I must add it to your ransom, I suppose."

"Do so," replied I, "take me back to Naples, or if that is dangerous to you, contrive to send me to Gibraltar, any agent you authorize may receive the money at either place."

"I must first take you to Tunis," replied the captain, "and then we will consider what is expedient."

I begged that he would not do this, and having persuaded him to name my ransom, I offered to add five hundred crowns to it, if he would send me to any port in the Mediterranean, from whence I might have a quick passage for England. He would not give me a positive promise, and I was ordered to retire, and passed the night in no very pleasant manner. You will readily guess what were my reflections and lamentations, so I shall not trouble you with them; but proceed to state that towards morning a

violent storm came on, which drove us towards Sicily, and I found that there was no expectation that our vessel would live through the tempest. As our labors, that is my fellow slave's and my own were useful, we were put in requisition, and at last we found that the xebeck was likely to beat in pieces, and that our only hope would be reaching shore in the boat or on a piece of the wreck. It may not seem very natural that in such a situation I should think of Ulysses, but so it was, and is a proof of the strong impression the Odyssey had made on my mind! When a child, I recollect my mother thought it a pretty story book, and I used to read Pope's Translation of it to her. I was not, however, at all afraid of Poliphemus seeing his cave was on the other side of the island; but I was with some reason afraid that I should never reach shore alive. The boats were hove out, and though no sailor, I had heard of too many instances of the boat sinking from being

over loaded to be among those who first entered, indeed I did not doubt that the crew would take my life if I impeded any of them, and with a few poor Italians whom the corsair had picked up on his visit to the coast, I stood momentarily expecting the vessel to go to pieces, and watching the efforts our masters made for their own preservation.

“ They were too prudent to allow us to enter the boats, and they actually abandoned us to an almost certain death. We conjectured, however, that they all perished, for we lost sight of them amidst some tremendous breakers, and they never appeared again.

“ Happily for us the storm after a few hours abated, and we endeavored to make what signals of distress we could, hoping some vessel might be passing that would receive us : as to managing the xebeck, it would have been an useless attempt, had we known how, and we awaited our destiny in a state of mind better imagined

than described. The whole of the day and night was passed in this miserable way, but on the morning of the second day we were fortunate enough to be picked up by a British seventy-four bound to Naples, at which place I landed once more, and found Mr. Irlewig in the greatest alarm for my disappearance. He would have staid to make some inquiry after Signora Cignani, who doubtless was in Naples ; but I was too anxious to return to England to think of punishing the woman, and we embarked on the following day, and in about five weeks saw the coasts of England.

We landed at Falmouth, and without stopping ordered a chaise and four to convey us towards Medley Hall, where we arrived the following day, and found my poor father in a very indifferent state of health, but better than I expected. The return of a hero could not give more delight than mine did to my affectionate parents, and their gratitude to Mr. Irle-

wig was boundless. Poor fellow, he did not live many years to enjoy the fruits of his labors.

“ The first weeks after my return were chiefly occupied in receiving and returning the visits of the neighbourhood, and I was shewn to every one with a degree of exultation by my father ; because, as he said, I had not brought any thing that was not English back with me, and by my mother, because I had imported the elegance of other climes ! You smile, ladies, but it is true, I assure you, and I dare say the little world we lived in were very merry at our expence ; which was fair enough. I saw but one lady who was angry that I returned at all, and this was a maiden of near seventy, who had prophesied from the first mention of my going abroad, that I should never live to come back again. Every wind that blew hard, when I was supposed to be on my voyage, she took the trouble to ride over to Medley Hall to tell my mother her

fears, and she tormented her so from time to time with stories of *acqua Tofana*, poisoned daggers, and banditti, that my father had some thoughts of forbidding her the house. As soon as she heard that I was actually at Medley Hall she drove over, and questioned my mother very strictly respecting my state of health. I entered the room in the midst of the conversation, and my mother told me, that Mrs. Diana Killbliss desired to know all the accidents that had befallen me. I thanked Mrs. Diana for her solicitude, and told her, that I had left a limb in every town I had visited ; but that what gave me the greatest concern, was having been made prisoner by the Tunisians, and carried to Tunis, where I had nearly died of the plague.

“ ‘ Plague ! Good Lord, defend me ! ’ cried the old lady ; ‘ what, and did not you perform quarantine then before you landed here in England ? ’

“ I told her that I had been happy

enough to escape that misery. ‘And are you quite well now?’ asked she, in great trepidation, and trying to shove her chair back from me. ‘Not quite,’ Ma’am,’ said I, ‘I feel very odd and queer at this moment, and may possibly have a slight attack; but, believe me, it will be nothing, and I shall not die this time.’

“This was sufficient for Mrs. Killbliss, she uttered a faint scream, and running out, called for her carriage. I followed, and offered her my arm; but she pushed me from her with horror, and though my mother would kindly have explained to her that it was not a word of it true, she refused to hear her, crying, ‘I shall catch it! I know I shall! Oh Lord! I felt his breath! Oh Lord! I shall die of the plague, I know I shall!’ and she never after could be persuaded to revisit Medley Hall. We heard afterwards, that she passed a whole week in the midst of fumigations and potations, and

that the apothecary made a famous harvest of the Medley plague, as it was called in the neighbourhood.

“ Poor thing!” cried Mrs. St. Arno, “ I think you punished her too severely.”

“ Not at all, Madam,” replied Medley, “ she had very nearly worried my poor mother into a nervous fever, and I let her off for a fright and her apothecary’s bill. I repent as little of my malice now as I did then, and for Mrs. Killbliss’s sake I have ever since had a particular dislike to your prophets of evil.”

“ I think,” said Anarella, “ there is generally one or more of the family of the Killblisses in every neighbourhood, and it would be no bad thing to plague them as you did. I did not mean to commit a pun though, Mr. Medley, I assure you, when I said plague.”

“ If you did, I believe the court would pardon you, Ma’am,” replied Medley; I have no objection to a good pun, any more than to any thing else that is good,

and every thing is pleasant from a lady."

"Yes, of course, even a Killbliss!" said Mrs. St. Arno.

"True," said Medley, "I had forgotten her; we must, I believe, except her fraternity, and then the compliment cannot be exaggerated. I am at a loss to imagine what the pleasure of foretelling evil can be, and I'm sure I don't wish to taste it! If one ventures to predict something good, people will look pleased, even though they do not believe a word you say; and at any rate a merry countenance is better than a sad one."

Anarella sighed at the thoughts of Haverill's melancholy countenance and hard fate, and Mr. Medley, who heard her sigh, fancied that he was not unconcerned in her cogitations. A short dialogue ensued between him and Mrs. St. Arno, after which he resumed his narrative as in the following chapter.

## CHAP. XI.

*Mr. Medley's History continued.*

“ **M**Y return had a salutary effect on my father's health, and he resolved to roast a bullock, and various other good things, to celebrate it. We had a happy party in the park, and I was pleased to see how the old people enjoyed the thing altogether. The week following this gala, my mother gave a ball, and a most splendid affair it was; and on the day after the ball she closeted me, to inquire which of the young ladies I had most admired. This gave me a suspicion, that my father was desirous to see me married, and nothing could, at that time, be more contrary to my wishes. From the experience I had had, of not certainly the best nor the wisest of the sex, I had con-

vinced myself, that the man who risked his happiness on the conduct of a woman, was almost certain to see it shipwrecked, and I resolved not to venture mine. The foolish likings I had felt had indeed, in some measure, incapacitated me for entertaining such an affection, as I feel now a man would have for a woman of merit, whom he might wish to make his wife; and I had a particular horror of entering on an engagement that could never be broken but by death. I have reason to think very differently now, and I am sorry I did not marry at six-and-twenty; but if the Fates are propitious, I may find, perhaps, that after all I did right enough.

“ Well, Ladies, now is not the time to discuss this subject, so I will proceed. I found then, as I said, that my father was desirous to see me married in his life-time, and, in reply to my mother’s query, I only said, that I liked them all, and took no particular notice of any.

“ ‘ Nay now, my dear, **I** can hardly credit that,’ said my mother, ‘ and **I** shall begin to suspect, if it really is so, that you have left your heart on the Continent.’

“ ‘ On the contrary, Ma’am,’ returned **I**, ‘ **I** have brought it home whole and entire; and **I** intend to keep it so, at least till **I** see something more attractive than this neighbourhood has shewn.’

“ ‘ Now that is not pretty in you,’ said my mother; ‘ **I** declare **I** am half angry at the airs you men give yourselves: what! when we had six baronet’s daughters, and several honorables present, to say nothing of the two Miss Longacre’s, co-heiresses, to talk of something more attractive! it is not pretty in you, John Medley.’

“ ‘ For which,’ said **I**, ‘ **I** am extremely sorry, and so forth! but what **I** say cannot at all detract from the merit of the ladies present, as **I** really did not observe them: they may be very beautiful, very

amiable, and all that sort of thing, but as I did not find it out, you cannot expect me to give them the admiration I otherwise might do. To me they were not attractive, that is all I can say.'

" My mother then proceeded to describe to me each separate young lady, the peculiarities she had observed in their dispositions, the difference in their education, and she did not forget their pedigrees and fortunes. I found that there were three who were particular favorites with her; the eldest of the Miss Longacre's, Sir Everard Vanneck's only daughter, and a Miss Marshfield, who was in actual possession of a fine estate, and was now on a visit to Miss Vanneck. I tried to laugh her out of her earnestness on the subject, but she told me it would not do, for my father was very anxious indeed to have me married in his lifetime, and she was resolved to second his wishes in every way in her power, both by talking to me, and by procuring me

the society of young ladies of suitable age and situation in life, so that I might not be fettered in my choice.

“ It was in vain that I remonstrated, and declared a married life would be my aversion, and that I would never shackle myself with any irremovable ties; she urged it as a duty, and said, my father would neither live nor die in peace if I did not marry; and I could not help wondering at the strange pleasure he could take in the thought of depriving me of liberty. She concluded by saying, that she had invited Sir Everard Vandneck and his family, as well as the two Misses Longacre’s, to Medley Hall, by way of giving me an opportunity of seeing more of the young ladies. ‘ Then, Madam,’ replied I, ‘ you must not be surprised if I set off to London; for, as I am resolved not to take a wife, the scrutiny would be to little purpose.’ This exceedingly offended my mother, and I

was, in order to make my peace, obliged to promise to remain at home during their visit.

“ I felt myself in a very foolish situation, when I came to reflect on what had passed between me and my mother, and I could not at all reconcile myself to allowing my father to suppose, that I should scrutinize his fair neighbours with a view to make one of them my wife ; but as my mother had assured me that it would affect his health to be contradicted or disappointed, I thought I had better let things take their natural course : if my father had done so, perhaps his wishes might have been gratified. Upon recollection, I do not think four more agreeable girls could have been assembled, than met the following week at Medley Hall, and young Vanneck, with a friend he brought with him, were much to my taste. Indeed, the presence of the gentlemen was a great relief to me, as I had

to do the honors of my father's covers to them, and we spent all the day till dinner-time in making war on the pheasants and partridges. But in the evening the case was different, and we necessarily passed many hours with the ladies. To me this would have been a pleasant circumstance, had I not been so afraid of behaving with particularity to any of the party, that I believe I was rude to all, and Miss Vanneck, who was very shrewd and lively, said in my hearing, that she supposed I fancied, if I was barely civil, that the ladies must die for me. I was mortified to be thought such a fool, especially as I really had a high opinion of Miss Vanneck, and I determined to try to forget why the ladies were asked, and to resume my natural manner.

“ This did not escape Miss Vanneck, who asked her brother what had happened in the field to-day, that Richard was himself again. ‘ Ask him yourself,

child,' replied the brother, perceiving that I overheard them, ' he is too gallant to refuse a lady any thing.'

"A conversation in an under-tone ensued, between the sister and me, in which she rallied me agreeably on the change in my manner, and I replied in the same tone. I saw that my mother was satisfied that I was caught, and my father having received a little hint from her, took Sir Everard with him into another room. I grew very uneasy and very angry, and my companion seeing it, looked round as if to guess the cause: I could not stand the attack, I saw she was meditating, and I sat down to chess with Lady Vaneck.

"The next morning proved very rainy, and my male visitors agreed to stay at home. We breakfasted of course with the ladies, and afterwards retired to the billiard room, where we amused ourselves some time. I was so interested in my game that I did not observe that

young Vanneck was sent for out, but when I had done, I asked what had become of him, to which one of his young friends answered, that his sister sent for him. He soon after returned, and asked me to walk with him to the library. When we arrived there he seized my hand, and asked whether I had a wish to oblige him !

“ ‘ The greatest in the world ! ’ said I. ‘ Then,’ returned he, ‘ let me entreat you not to persist in your suit to my sister, as it would occasion her a great deal of distress. She has commissioned me to confide to you a secret known at present, for certain reasons, only to her and me, it is that her affections are engaged, and that she has not a heart to give.’ I should not have allowed him to proceed thus far, had I not been kept silent by astonishment; as soon as I could speak, I asked him how he came to imagine that I had any intention of addressing his

sister, and he informed me that my father had settled the matter with Sir Everard, who had since breakfast advised his daughter to accept me, and that she had urged her brother to find some means of preventing any further steps being taken in the affair.

“ ‘As you have seen little of Sophia,’ continued he, ‘it of course cannot cost you much to relinquish all thoughts of her, and should you persist, you will infallibly be disappointed at last. Oblige me then, by putting an end to it now, in the beginning, you will save us all much anxiety.’

“ I told him then the whole truth, and that I knew nothing of any such step having been taken, and he could not help laughing at the embarrassment my father’s haste to have me married had caused. ‘ My sister certainly would have made you an excellent wife,’ said he, ‘ but she has made another choice, and I

trust will ere long be happy ! she and my pretty Miss Marshfield, who is the best creature in the world, are out of the question, 'but there are dozens of equally worthy girls in this neighbourhood unprovided for, and, with your inheritance, you will hardly sue in vain.'

" As soon as young Vanneck left me, I went to my father and remonstrated with him on this precipitation, and he said, he acted on my mother's information. He declared he could not contradict what he had said to Sir Everard, that I must do it myself, and I then waited on the Baronet to do so. He thought I was come to thank him for allowing my addresses to his daughter, and assumed some importance on the occasion ; but this I destroyed by explaining to him the mistake my mother had made, and in order not to betray Miss Vanneck, I was obliged to intimate that I had another attachment. The worthy Baronet did me the favour

to lament this, and promised to break it in a way as little mortifying to his daughter's feelings as possible. 'I'm sorry I spoke to her at all!' said he, 'for women are very sore on these subjects, but I was overjoyed at the thought of cementing our old family friendship by such a connexion. Sophia has refused two or three good offers, and if she chooses to live single it is all very well! but I would rather she would marry, provided she does it prudently.'

"To this I had but little reply to make, and the termination of the affair cured my mother of finding out that I was in love. Poor old woman! she was soon after deprived of my father, and being single I had more opportunity of rendering her subsequent life happy and comfortable, than I could have done if I had been married: she lived many years, and enjoyed herself to the last, and I never heard her regret that she had not a daughter-

in-law, except when the Vannecks married, which they both did within six months after the time I have mentioned."

Mr. Medley paused here a few moments, and then continued as in the next chapter.

11.3

## CHAP. XII.

*Continuation of Mr. Medley's History.*

“As long as my mother could do so with comfort, she accompanied me on various occasions to different parts of my native country; and after her death I visited both Scotland and Ireland, so that I have seen most places that are remarkable in the British Islands. I afterwards paid another visit to the Mediterranean, staid some time in Sicily, where I explored Mount Etna, and being seized with the mania of tracing the ancient cities, I spent some months on the island. If I had made any discoveries worth communicating, I perhaps might have been tempted to trouble the world with a quarto volume on the subject, as so many more have done; but I really had

not the impertinence to say over again what had been so often said before. After leaving Sicily, I visited the most interesting of the islands in the Mediterranean, and then made the tour of Greece, and the islands of the Archipelago. I wish it was in my power to convey to you one tenth part of my pleasure during this excursion, or to shew Athens to your mind's eye. But all description must fail! to have any idea of that mistress of arts and eloquence, she must be seen; grand and majestic even in her decay! and to every one with money and leisure, I should recommend a journey to Athens.

“As I stood before the ruins of the Parthenon, I could not help wishing that Mahomet was banished, and that Minerva was once more the deity of the place! however, you may be sure I did not whisper this to the Turks. At Athens I met the celebrated Lord —, whose poems have made so much noise in the

world : he proved an intelligent and agreeable companion, and I greatly regretted my separation from him. You, of course, as well as the rest of the world, know his history since his return to England ; indeed, if you did not, there is so much of mystery in what came before the public, that I should fear to enter upon it."

"I pity his wife very much," said Mrs. St. Arno.

"And I pity *him* too," replied Medley ; "but wherever the blame lay, and it might be on both sides, their fate is now decided, and I suppose they will not come together again. Well, from Athens I steered my course to the Hellespont, and visited the supposed site of Troy, taking especial care to swim across the straits, and perform every other feat young travellers think necessary to distinguish themselves : but after seeing all I could see, and satisfying my curiosity at Constantinople, where nothing particular occurred to me, I was suddenly tired with

wandering, and wished myself once more quietly seated at Medley Hall. A wish, however, as I had neither Fortunatus's cap nor Prince Houssin's carpet, would not carry me there, and I began my return by sailing to Smyrna. I there met with an Italian gentleman I had known at Rome, and who induced me to go with him to the Ionian Islands, from whence we went up the Adriatic to Venice. I by no means repented of my compliance with my friend's request, for the singularity of Venice renders it interesting. I did not see its beautiful horses, they were already in Paris, and I must say, that I greatly lament that they are no longer there. Long will all who have a taste for the fine arts and every thing noble and grand, grieve that legitimacy should have destroyed a museum which, for the benefit of mankind, ought to have been as immortal as the fame of its founder. The museum however has passed away! but the name of Napoleon

will ever be dear to the men of science, and the lovers of heroism!"

"I wonder," said Mrs. St. Arno, "that you dare say so, considering the odium which has been, most undeservedly I own, heaped upon him! When I first came over, I was astonished to hear the false notions people had here, of the estimation he was held in on the Continent, and the strange and absurd fabrications that passed for truth. But I fancy truth by degrees will shine forth, and Britons will know better than to believe that Napoleon has a club-foot and a forked tongue, because some hireling writer so represents him. I trust we shall ere long grow wiser."

"The truth is, people don't like to own their judgment fallible," replied Medley, "and you can hardly expect a man who told you last week, that Napoleon was a fiend, to own this, that he is a very good sort of personage. But in the circle of my acquaintance I know

several who are convinced they were imposed upon, and the treacherous way in which he has been used, has made many wonder at their own blindness, in not seeing sooner where the want of honor lay; I am amused with the perceptible change in public opinion, which, like every thing else, ebbs and flows, and often makes for itself a new channel. There are other individuals nearer home, who raise their heads in glory, spite of the plots and conspiracies fabricated against them! spite of the mandate of power, and the corruption of their own agents, who ought to have stood forth in their defence! I for one rejoice, heartily rejoice, that this is the case, and I hope every day to see the work proceed, till odium fails only where it is due! and when that is the case, let Hardenbrass and his satellites take care of themselves."

"One never talks about any thing bad," said Anarella, "but that wretch obtrudes upon one! The very thought

of him fills me with disgust! Oh how I wish his iniquities were discovered! but we have forgotten your story, Mr. Medley; pray proceed."

Mr. Medley was delighted that Anarella was pleased with his recital, and instantly complied.

"When I left Venice I parted from my Italian companion, and meeting with two Austrians, who were going through the Tyrol, and then on to Vienna, I agreed to accompany them. I think no scenery I have seen surpasses that in the Tyrol, either in beauty or sublimity, and if I were a painter I would certainly pass a summer there, or, perhaps, autumn would be still more picturesque. At Vienna I enjoyed myself much, though the German character is not quite to my taste, but I found several English there as well as Italians, and we formed an agreeable society. I don't know that my musical taste was ever more gratified than during my residence at Vienna, and

I knew several of the cognoscenti there, who were admirable performers. As I was returning home one day, I met a gentleman whose face was familiar to me, though it was some time before I could recollect where I had seen it, but after a while I was pretty certain that it was my old acquaintance Mr. Trothsay, divested of his Italian costume. This induced me to make some inquiries respecting him, and I understood that he was well received at Vienna, being a particular friend of the Marquis of Hardenbrass, who had furnished him with letters of introduction to all his friends in Vienna. I endeavored to discover what mischief he was about, but I could not, for ostensibly he had nothing but pleasure in view. After my return to England, I heard that a young lady had suddenly disappeared from her friends, and that they imagined the Marquis had secreted her, but on inquiry they did not find any evidence circumstantial or per-

sonal to prove that he knew any thing about her, and I had not any doubt on my mind that Mr. Trothsay could have told another tale. But I fancied he took pretty good care not to return to this country. From Vienna, where my stay was much lengthened, I went to Munich, and from Munich to Augsburg. From the latter place I set out in my travelling carriage, with no other companion but my valet, and proceeded towards Donawert, my intention being to go to Stutgard.

“ One evening, about an hour before sun-set, my carriage was overturned in a very rough road, at a considerable distance from any town, and with no habitation in view, but a sort of a fortress on the point of a rock, to which I did not perceive any practicable way. As the accident would probably keep us too late to be admitted at the next town before the gates were shut, I asked the driver what place that was, and which was the

way to it. He crossed himself very devoutly and replied, that it was called the Devil's Horn, on account of the noises the foul fiend kept there at certain seasons. In reply to my question of, who lived there, he said, no man of flesh and blood, except the guard the king kept, seeing it was a royal castle, and not used for any thing particular. I asked what king? and he said, not his king, but the king of —, as he was called now. I told him, that if there was a garrison there, or as he called it a guard, there must be a way to it, and I desired he would go and inform the officer, that an English gentleman was in want of assistance, and requested him to send a man or two down to repair the damage done to the carriage. But all my eloquence, even in the shape of money, could not prevail on him to approach the castle, and I saw no alternative but to stay all night where I was, or to go myself, or to send my servant, the latter would

have been the most agreeable, but he could not stir without me, and as the weather was cold, and night fast approaching, I left him in charge of the carriage and the driver, and set out to explore the path up the rock. My walk was very laborious, but in about half an hour I arrived before the entrance of what was only a sort of square tower, which seemed to have formed part of a larger building. A deep cleft in the rock, whether natural, or produced by explosion, I could not guess, prevented all access to it, except by a drawbridge, which was now drawn up.

“ The place appeared to me more like the prison of a state criminal than any thing else, and I despaired of gaining assistance from those within. I found no horn, no bell to give notice of my approach. I was then constrained to shout as loud as possible, and in about five minutes a man armed with a musket appeared at a loophole over the entrance,

and asked my business, in a dialect of the German that was almost unintelligible to me. I explained as well as I could, but he either did not or could not understand me, and I then demanded to see the commandant. The man retired, and soon after the door opened, and a tall ill-looking man, wrapped in a cloak, with a military hat, appeared. I addressed him in French, and repeated my story, requesting, that if he had any body who could assist me he would lend them to me, to enable me to reach the nearest village. He replied to me in the same language, that he had nobody of the description I mentioned. I then asked whether my servant and myself could be received in the fort for the night, as if we could I would abandon the carriage to the care of the driver till morning, and beg his shelter for a few hours. He seemed alarmed at the request, and almost doubted what I said. This to me appeared very odd, as at any

rate he could have nothing to fear from me, even supposing he had admitted me, and I began to feel my curiosity exceedingly raised. I told him, that if he sent a man down with me to the road, he might satisfy himself that my statement was correct, and I begged he would do so, as I was much averse to remaining in the open air during the night. He then retired, and the draw-bridge being lowered, a soldier came out to me. I asked the officer whether, if it was found impossible to raise the carriage, I and my servant could be received in the fort, and he said, that on condition of delivering up our arms he would so far exercise his discretionary power. Having thanked him for this favor, I returned with my man and the soldier to the spot where I had left the driver; and we contrived to raise the carriage, and by means of a strong rope to secure it, so that the horses dragged it about half a mile out of the road, to a miserable shed where,

the soldier said, a poor herdsman lived; there I left it and the two men, and returned myself to the fort, into which I passed over the draw-bridge."

## CHAP. XIII.

*Mr. Medley's History continued.*

“ **N**OTHING can well be conceived more dreary and melancholy than Stuttenberg Fort (so I afterwards learnt this place was called), appeared; and the poor wretches, whose duty made them inhabitants of it, exhibited countenances that harmonized with the gloom. They looked indeed so ferocious, that when I entered the room where they were ranged, in order I suppose to strike me with awe, I repented that I had not remained with my servant! this repentance was now too late.

“ I passed through a sort of guard room to an inner apartment, where I found the commandant and another man, who could not be less than sixty years old, and to

whom the officer seemed to pay great respect. He was about five feet five inches in height, stout made, with high cheek bones, a wide mouth, thin skinny lips, and deep set small grey eyes. His dress was perfectly plain, and he wore a fur cap on his head. He received me with a sort of distant civility, and a look of keen scrutiny, that was far from agreeable ; and while a desultory conversation passed between me and the commandant, he kept his eyes fixed constantly upon me.

“ As I had agreed to deliver up my arms, I laid my pistols on the wooden table, that looked as if it had been Adam’s workmanship, and drew near a fire on the hearth, that served both to enlighten and warm this miserable hole. Neither of my companions spoke, and I felt an eager curiosity to know what, and who they were : I therefore addressed the old man, and inquired, whether the post they occupied was of much importance in time

of war. He drew his lips firmly together, and after a pause of nearly a minute, he answered, 'Yes! it is of the greatest importance.' 'Indeed!' replied I; 'and what prince holds it now? I don't see it laid down in my travelling map,'

"To this he replied by another question, 'Where did you buy your map, Sir?' and I informed him that I had it at Vienna. 'Are you immediately from Vienna, Sir?' said he. I said I was. 'And where are you bound to?' said he. I answered, that I intended to visit Stuttgart, where I should pay my respects to the Queen of Wirtemberg, who was, as he doubtless knew, an English princess; and from thence I should direct my course northward, it being my wish to reach England soon.

"This free communication of my plans, had no effect in unsealing his lips; but, on the contrary, seemed to close them; and he walked about the place in deep thought. I then tried the other, and ob-

served, that their habitation stood in so very bleak a situation, that I thought it must be a dreadful winter residence. The poor man's feelings accorded so well with my observation, that he answered more cordially than I expected, 'Yes, by G—d ! I've had enough of it.'

" ' Have you been long here ? ' said I.

" ' Only four months,' said he ; ' and in two more I shall be off.'

" ' Then I presume, Sir, your service here was for six months.'

" ' Service, Sir ! it is an imprisonment,' replied he ; ' for till you came, I have not seen a soul excepting our own men, and they will never wish to come back to this hell upon earth.'

" ' I don't wonder the poor fellows are tired,' said I, ' for it must be horrible to stand no chance for a little society ! I could not persuade my ignorant driver to approach the fort on any account ; he be-

lieves that the devil himself is in possession of the place.'

" 'Tis well!' said the old man, in a sort of involuntary sighing voice. I took no notice, but turning again to the officer, I asked how many men his little garrison consisted of, and how he managed to keep them together, in a place, which from its proximity to various states, afforded great facility to deserters. He returned no other answer but a muttered oath, and the old man desired we might have supper. To my great surprise, a sort of old domestic brought in some excellent cold beef, and a soup, to which I can give no name, as I never met with it either before or since. It was very comfortable to me, and I made a hearty meal. While I was busily engaged in eating, the old man disappeared, and in about ten minutes returned again; and the officer during his absence, began with an air of eagerness to ask me questions about the news of Vienna. ' Does this fort belong to the

Emperor?' said I ; he was about to answer when the old man returned, and the remainder of the supper passed in silence.

" As soon as the things were removed, the Senior invited me to join him in an attack on some excellent brandy, and this having a little relaxed his caution, and the officer having left us, he began to converse more freely. ' You will hardly wonder at my taciturnity, Sir,' said he, ' when I tell you, that I have lived in this fort twenty-three years, five months, three weeks, and five days, and that during that time I have seen no man but the fellows who are here upon duty.'

" ' Bless me, Sir ! are you a prisoner then ?' said I.

" ' Not nominally, Sir,' replied he ; ' the only thing that could render my life bearable is having the power to change it. I may go to-morrow, but such a step would be more than madness ! No ! here at least I am useful, and that is more

than I should ever be in the world, after so long a seclusion from it.'

"' If seclusion was your aim in coming here, Sir, you have effectually succeeded,' said I; ' for, by your own account, an anchororet could not live a more retired life. I suppose you are Governor of the Fort !'

"' I am, Sir ! and with a good salary,' replied the old man; ' and I hope, ere long, that I may enjoy elsewhere the fruits of my perseverance !'

"' At least,' observed I, ' your duties must be light ! here, I should suppose, you can literally have nothing to do !'

He made no reply to this, but a slight blush passed over his cheek, and he changed the conversation by asking me for a recital of my adventures. Pitying the poor man's life of worse than absolute solitude, I related to him such circumstances as I thought most likely to amuse him; and insensibly the night wore away in a manner not displeasing

to either of us. At last, recollecting that some rest would be needful before I recommenced my journey, I asked whether I was to be obliged to him for a room up stairs, or to make my bed on my cloak where we were. He replied, that he had ordered his man to prepare me a mattrass in an upper room. ‘The fact is, Sir,’ said he, ‘that this place is so very small that it hardly suffices for the inhabitants. This room, and the entrance, with the place where we keep our stores, occupy the ground floor: my man sleeps here, and the soldiers occupy the rest. Over these rooms are three others; one is mine, one the Commandant’s, and the third is a sort of lumber room; there you will find a mattrass, and such accommodation as we can give you; the entrance to it is through my room.’ ‘So much the better,’ said I, ‘it will secure me from any curious intruder! there might be such in your garrison. But have you no apartments over those rooms?’

“ ‘ None ! ’ replied he. ‘ There is a way out to the top of the tower by a sort of narrow stair case, but as it goes from my room, I take good care nobody shall learn the way out : nay, I believe the key of the door is lost, and has been for some years. You wish to go early in the morning, I think ? ’ ‘ With the first dawn,’ said I ; ‘ for my poor man will be in a terror to be left so long in charge of the carriage.’ Then taking the lamp that stood by, I was preparing to go to bed, when he stopped me, and said sternly, ‘ Sir ! there is one thing I must not ask, but demand ! ’

“ ‘ And what is that, Sir ? ’ said I, rather surprised.

“ ‘ It is, that you never tell any person that you were admitted within the walls of Fort Stuttenberg. Had you been of any other nation but that you are, we should have excluded you ; but I have recollections that endear the English to me, and I know their honour is to be relied

on. Should it be known that I had been so indiscreet, the consequences would be unpleasant to me! Promise me then!"

"I was not in a situation to refuse this promise, which at the time I intended to keep, though it was extorted from me; and we proceeded together through the guard room, where half a dozen men were rolled in their cloaks and laid on a sort of paillasse, to a narrow stone staircase that led us to the Governor's room. It was small and low, with a bed in one corner and a table in another; and I observed a strong iron door, which he informed me opened on the stairs that led to the roof of the tower. 'You would suppose by these beams that there were rooms above,' said he, 'but it is not so! However, you must not be surprised to hear the rats make a noise over head.'

"Thus cautioned, I entered my own apartment, which was still smaller than the Governor's, and half filled with lumber or boxes. In one corner was my

mattress, and a blanket in which I rolled myself, taking care first, however, to fasten the door, and threw myself on my mattress. Whether it was the dampness of the room, or the dust that flew about more from my movements, I know not, but I was seized with a violent fit of sneezing that lasted almost without intermission nearly ten minutes, and I really began to fancy that I should break some blood-vessel! My neighbour called out to me to ask what was the matter, and as soon as I could answer him I did, refusing his offer of sleeping in his room. The walls and doors being pretty thick we spoke very loud, and this produced a fit of coughing which was as violent as the sneezing had been. When this had subsided I fell asleep, and did not awake till the morning sun darting on my eyes roused me. It entered through a small narrow window, and reminded me that there must be a sublime prospect from that window if I could climb to look out

at it : this was not very difficult to do, as I had various things in my room to raise me, and I moved so gently that I reached the window without disturbing my neighbour.

“ With regard to the prospect, I was disappointed, for the whole of the country beneath us was like a sea of mist, and I was about to descend, when I thought I saw something shining suspended before the casement. That I might ascertain what sparkled so much in the sun beam, I opened the casement, and perceived a ring fastened to the end of a string, which being light, floated backwards and forwards in the air. It immediately struck me that this must be thrown from a window over mine, and consequently that there were habitable rooms above, and that some one was detained there. After a few efforts, and almost flaying my arm through the iron bars, I succeeded in catching the string ; which, as soon as I pulled at it, was loosened above, and I instantly

heard a window shut and a foot creep slowly away. My suspicions were now certainties ; so closing my window, and replacing the things I had used, I sat down on my mattress to examine my prize.

“ It was a massy gold ring, with a beautiful ruby set as a rose, and leaves composed of emeralds ; and on the inside of the ring was a ducal coronet engraved. The string to which it was tied was merely strips of fine linen, newly torn, and tied together ; and on one, broader than the rest, was written in French, ‘ Stranger, if thou hast a soul, take this ring and this cloth to the Prince of —, and tell where thou hadst them. Be secret or I die ! ’ These words were traced with blood, and it would appear with the head of a pin or some blunt instrument, and so irregularly that I could hardly read them.

“ You will easily believe, ladies, that I was careful to conceal a token so mys-

teriously confided to me ; and so suspicious was I of the search that I might be subjected to, that I did not trust it in my pocket ; I folded it safely in my cravat, and tying a silk handkerchief that I had worn the preceding night over it, I put on my travelling cloak, and essayed to open my door. This was not very easy, as it was fast on the outside ; but, after a few minutes, the Governor himself opened it, and inquired how I had rested. I told him, that I feared I had taken cold, and was anxious to be again on my way to Stuttgart, where I could have medical advice. He pressed me to take some breakfast, but I told him that an Englishman generally starved a cold ; and after thanking him for his hospitality, which I did as unconcernedly as possible, I received my pistols and passed down to the guard room. With the Governor's permission I rewarded the man who had attended me the preceding night, and distributed a small sum among the other miserable

looking creatures ; then turning to the two chiefs, I said, that before I quitted their territory I would fire them a salute, at which they laughed, and I no sooner had got so far from the fort, as to be visible to any one in the eastern room, than I fired my pistols in the air, and waved my handkerchief, hoping the prisoner might see me and understand this as a signal of my compliance with his or her wishes. In return, the soldier on guard fired his musket, and a white streamer appeared for a moment from a small window over that belonging to my room.”

## CHAP. XIV.

*Mr. Medley's History continued.*

“ **A**FTER a walk which would have been very fatiguing, if my mind had not been completely occupied, I found my attendants in the place I had left them ; and in less than an hour, the carriage was so fastened together by the aid of the herdsman, from whom we purchased a miserable breakfast, that I was able to pursue my journey, though very slowly, to Donavert, where I did not arrive till late in the day.

“ **M**y present object being to discover where the Prince of —— was to be found, I went to an ordinary, instead of dining alone, as I otherwise should have done ; and I entered into conversation with those about me, asking, as a stranger, where the different people of rank belonging to

the Court of —— were at present residing. I learnt that the Prince of —— was gone to Frankfort, and I determined to follow him there without delay. I accordingly took fresh horses, and, in spite of bad roads and weather, I arrived, after a tedious journey, at Frankfort. I easily found a man of such high rank, but as I had never been presented at his father's court, and was a person of no consequence, I had some doubts whether I should easily gain admittance to him : I was, however, so anxious to discharge what I considered a duty, that I did not hesitate to go instantly to his hotel. I gained admittance to him without much trouble, and told him that as my business was secret, I requested a private audience. He did not hesitate to oblige me, and I introduced my business by asking, if any particular friend of his was supposed to be now in confinement. He said no, he knew of none. I then took off my cravat, and producing my credentials, I asked him whether he had ever

seen that ring before. He looked at it earnestly, and said that he had ; he remembered that his mother had worn it. " May I ask, Sir, where you found it?" said he, " for my mother has now been dead nearly twenty-four years, and I never heard that any of her jewels were missing."

" I then shewed him the linen, and related to him all that had happened to me, and I cannot describe to you the astonishment this produced in him. He could not doubt that his mother was yet alive and a prisoner, by the order of his father, who had been many years married to a second wife ; and this last circumstance determined him to lose no time in getting possession of the fort, with as little noise as possible, well knowing, that a powerful party was interested to prevent the second union from thus being rendered null and void.

" It is no pleasant discovery to any man, that his father is a base villain, though he

might suspect that he was not as he ought to be in every respect ; and I must do the Prince the justice to own, that he seemed to feel like a man of honor on the occasion. As is generally the case with princes, much ill-will subsisted between him and his father, for which he knew not how to account, except from the jealousy a present possessor too commonly feels of one who must be his heir ; but he now saw that there was more in the business, and that he himself must have had an almost miraculous escape. As he had not the means of taking the fort by force, if he had thought such a plan advisable, he determined to have recourse to stratagem, and he asked me whether I would accompany him back into —. There was something so interesting to me in the whole business, that I could not refuse, and we left his attendants at Frankfort, as well as mine, and travelled, incognito, to S—, which place we entered in the dusk.

“ I went, by his desire, to wait on a no-

bleman who had ever been attached to the Prince, and who had a command in the army ; and after some little delay, and a douceur to his attendant, I got admission to him. He was preparing to attend a ball at court, and not pleased at my intrusion. Having, however, perused a billet the Prince had sent, he put on a winter pelisse, and accompanied me to the place we had driven to. The Prince, who knew that half confidences are always injurious, told him the whole circumstance, and shewed him the ring, which he recollects having seen the Queen wear. It was, however, a long time before he could credit the idea of her being alive, as he had himself assisted at her funeral, and knew that the body laid in state the usual time. At last he was obliged to confess that it was possible, spite of the evidence of his own senses, that it might be so ; and fearful of the consequences to the King, if this should be proved, he asked the Prince what were his intentions, in the chance

of his finding that the prisoner in question should prove to be the Queen.

“ I perceived that the Prince was aware that the co-operation of Count V—— depended upon his reply, and he answered, (whether sincerely or not, I could not judge,) that of course all he could wish would be to save his father’s honour, and his mother’s life ; and that he should conduct her to an estate he had in H——, where she might pass the remainder of her days in privacy. This reply satisfied the Count, and he agreed to lend the Prince a dozen men, with an officer to be depended on ; and to send six of the number, with proper credentials, which he would procure before morning, to replace the garrison at Fort Stuttenberg.

“ He was at no loss to guess who had the direction of the affair ; and as he expected to meet the individual in question that evening, he took care not to delay his departure for Court. I never knew exactly how he procured his signature, for the

Prince seemed averse to relate the transaction ; but before morning we had what we wanted, and having furnished ourselves with uniforms, and me with a pair of mustachios, which, added to my uniform, completely disguised me, we set forward towards Stuttenberg, where the soldiers were ordered to be on the third day. Accordingly, at that time, we all rendezvoused at the Herdsman's hut, and the Prince, choosing four of the men, and with myself joining them, marched up the hill, and the officer summoned the commandant. He examined the orders, and finding them, as he imagined, correct, the usual ceremonies were observed ; and the garrison having, to their great joy, marched out, we marched in. The bridge was drawn up, and the officer paid his respects to the old gentleman, who pretended to lament, that distress in early life had condemned him to accept a situation, which was, in fact, a close imprisonment.

“ The officer and himself sat down to eat, and his servant entering the room, we marched in, and secured both master and man. The prince and myself held the master, who looked more surprised than terrified. ‘ Give up your keys, you hoary villain, and restore my mother to me !’ cried the Prince, shaking him violently. This address shewed the old man, that resistance would be vain ; he said that he had acted under the authority of his royal master, and that he trusted he should be considered rather a martyr to duty than a delinquent. He delivered his keys, and a stiletto that we found concealed in his dress, and we left him with his servant under the care of the officer and four men, and proceeded to open the door I had seen in his room.

“ The Prince was afraid that the surprise and joy of being restored to liberty might be fatal to his mother, and he was too much agitated to trust himself for the first ten minutes in her apartment : he

desired I would go in, which I did, after tapping at an inner door that was not locked. A female voice, more feeble and dolorous than I can describe, uttered an exclamation in French, and I then opened the door and approached her.

“ She looked surprised and frightened at the sight of me, and asked, in German, if I had orders to kill her. I replied in the same language, that on the contrary, I was charged to wait upon her with what I hoped would prove satisfactory intelligence. She looked as if she doubted what I said, and asked if I was a soldier. I said I came from a gentleman who had received a ring from her, and that if it would not agitate her too much, I could impart circumstances of great moment to her. She instantly started up, and threw herself at my feet, begging I would tell her, whether I came to kill her, or to restore her to liberty. I raised her, and placing her on a sort of couch, said, that I had no power myself

to dispose of her, but that the Prince, her son, had commissioned a person to wait her commands, who was now in the fort, and would be but too happy to see her.

“ ‘Then I am free!’ cried she, ‘thank God! let me go, Sir! let me leave this place; I can walk very well; don’t hold me, I can walk:’ so saying, she sunk down in a fainting fit, and it was some time before she came to herself. When she did, her senses seemed bewildered; but she still dwelt on the idea of liberty, and tried to rise and quit the room. The Prince thought, that perhaps she would better bear to recognise him now, than she would after exhausting herself with joy for her deliverance, and pressing her hand tenderly, he said that he hoped she would be still, as she was perfectly safe under her son’s protection. He then declared himself, and we thought for an hour that we should have been obliged to carry her off a corpse, for she was nearly dying with joy. At last, however,

she was sufficiently composed to be removed from her prison to the room below, and the governor was placed in her apartment, and two centinels stationed at the bottom of the staircase, with orders to shoot him if he made any resistance. He pleaded hard that he had only done his duty, but the Prince was for the present inexorable.

“ And now the remainder of the soldiers being arrived with a litter, the Prince placed his mother in it, and she was conveyed to his carriage which he had ordered to be in waiting on the road to D—— with a strong guard, and I accompanied the old Queen, during a tedious journey to a country seat the Prince had, and where the Princess his wife received her. As to the Prince, he went to his father, and made terms with him, consenting for his mother, that she should live in retirement, and not claim any right in him (the King), on certain conditions, which materially ameliorated

his own situation ; and he at the same time took the whole of the discovery and subsequent motions on himself. I indeed had expressly stipulated, that my name should not appear, for reasons you will easily guess, and the King was too happy to have his iniquity salved over to insist upon any further discoveries. The Prince, however, insisted that Mr. Governor should remain a close prisoner in Stuttenberg till death should release him, and this was too agreeable to his father to be refused : his Majesty forgot his gratitude in his fears.

“ These are the true and genuine particulars of a transaction now well known in Europe, even to the present and ostensible Queen, and from all I could learn respecting the detention of the original one, it was a wanton piece of cruelty that must have considerably alarmed her successor. She was of the house of —, and considerably older than the then Duke : he married her for the sake of

the alliance of the families, and during the twelve years they lived together, used her more brutally than you would have imagined even a German trooper could have done.

“ About that time he fell desperately in love with a young lady of rank, who refused his offers of an illicit connexion with disdain, and he in vain promised that whenever the **Duchess** died he would make her his wife. But however hard-hearted the young lady might be, her parents were more loyal and submissive, and it was imagined, as the Prince informed me, that they secretly encouraged the Duke to persevere. The **Duchess** was reported to be suddenly taken ill, they should have said, taken off, for she was carried to Stuttenberg, and in so masterly a way, that no suspicion of such a step was excited, and a mock **Duchess**, probably some poor creature murdered for the purpose, lay in state, and was interred in the family vault.

“ The Duke, however, found, that the removal of his wife had not removed the young lady’s objection to a most disgustingly fat and disagreeable person, and she persisted in refusing to be his on any terms. This tender lover, who was too sensual to care whether he possessed the poor creature with her own consent, or without it, then had her carried off, some suspected with the connivance of her father, who hoped to govern all through his daughter, and sent her to a house at some distance from his capital. But he was again disappointed, for the young lady, being a girl of spirit, contrived to make her escape, and fled to a young French officer, to whom she was tenderly attached. After this a variety of temporary attachments succeeded, till policy induced him to marry his present wife, who has found him so indifferent a husband, that she has been more than once on the point of leaving him, and returning to her friends. She has no

reason, I should imagine, to fear incarceration, for the nation she belongs to is too powerful and too jealous of the respect due to its priuces, to suffer such an injustice, and the King's tricks in that way being now public enough, the story of her death would not be taken on credit."

" 'Well!' cried Mrs. St. Arno, interrupting Medley in this place, ' I have often wondered how the discovery was effected, and what became of the poor old woman. I thought, when I first heard the account that the Prince had found his mother, that it was a mere newspaper fabrication, and wondered, if that was the case, that the present lady did not resign and return to her friends ! That, however, is now happily explained, and I see clearly how the whole affair was. These German manners of proceeding will gain ground here, I fear, if the example of the Marquis of Hardenbrass is to be followed, and poor old

England will be able to furnish authentic documents for a German romance. We really are obliged to you, Sir, for your recital, and I beg, that if you are not tired you will continue it. Do you suppose the Duchess is yet alive?"

" 'I do not doubt it at all, Ma'am,' answered Medley; ' I have never heard that she is not, and I think my correspondent in that part of the world would have mentioned the circumstance of her death, if it had taken place. She is, however, very infirm, and perhaps may one day set her husband's heart at rest by really dying; than which, I believe, no circumstance could be more pleasing to him, except the death of his present unamiable wife."

## CHAP. XV.

*The Conclusion of Mr. Medley's History.—With other Matters.*

“THE extraordinary circumstance I have mentioned, prevented me from paying my respects at any of the German Courts, and after rejoining my man at Frankfort, I pursued my route by the Rhine, and then crossed to Ostend, where I embarked, and landed safely in England.

“Though I had no reason to be in a hurry, as not a creature was interested so much in my return as to expect me, I felt the most violent desire to be in town with the greatest possible expedition, and the mail coach being ready to start, I threw myself into it, and bid my man mount outside. There were three other passengers, one of whom was a gentle-

manly man, and I found afterwards I was not mistaken in supposing him a medical man, but whether a surgeon or a physician I could not tell; another was a woman of a particularly respectable and sanctified appearance, and the third was a tradesman of the society of friends. As there was a good deal of daylight after we entered the coach, we had an opportunity of examining each other, and the surgeon, for so he proved, having observed that I was in a travelling dress, asked me, what news I brought from the Continent. I told him such as I heard on my way, but without vouching for its authority. The woman then in a sort of monotonous voice, asked, if I had seen that monster, Bony-  
parte, to which I simply replied, that I had not. She proceeded to make inquiries, respecting where I had been, and whom I had seen, which I felt no inclination to answer, and every time she paused for a reply, and I maintained my silence, the old Quaker uttered a sort of

whining Umph! accompanied with a closing of his eyes, that was very ludicrous.

“ But her eloquence had a different effect on the surgeon, who fixed his eyes on her face, as if he was recollecting some circumstance connected with her, and that with an earnestness that attracted the Quaker’s attention, who, with the woman sat opposite to the surgeon and me.

“ ‘ Umph! ’ said the Quaker, ‘ I marvel, friend, whether thou art most moved by speech or outside! ’ To this the surgeon gave no reply, and the lady had again all the talk to herself. As this however was only at intervals, we rode on in almost silence, when we came in sight of some fine plantations, evidently belonging to a magnificent seat, and I asked the Quaker if he could tell me whose they were.

“ He was preparing to answer me, when our female companion prevented him, by

saying that they were a part of the plantations belonging to Wisehead Park, and that she should be set down at the gate.

“ ‘ Who is at the Park now ? ’ asked the surgeon.

“ ‘ The Honorable Lady Sybella T——, replied the woman, sister to my Lord Wisehead. Oh ! she is a saint upon earth, if ever there was one ! ’

“ ‘ Thou doubtest the Scriptures friend ! ’ said the Quaker.

“ ‘ The Lord forbid ! ’ said the woman, ‘ they are the life, and in them is my light ! I have had the honor to serve the Lady Sybella these last five years, and I can bear witness that she is after God’s own heart.’

“ ‘ Dost thou compare her with David ? ’ asked the Quaker, ‘ truly, the comparison is not unfit ! ’

“ ‘ Has she a house in London ? ’ asked the surgeon.

“ The woman said she had, and the surgeon asked in what part of the town,

which the woman told him. By the time the coach stopped at the gate, the woman got out and we proceeded.

“ ‘ Do you know that person, Sir?’ said the surgeon to the Quaker.

“ ‘ I know her, and I do not know her!’ replied the Quaker.

“ ‘ May I request an explanation, Sir,’ said the surgeon, ‘ my own question did not arise from mere curiosity, I have a reason for asking.’

“ ‘ And what is thy reason, friend?’ said the Quaker.

“ ‘ One I do not choose to declare,’ replied the surgeon, ‘ nor can it be of any consequence to any other but myself! I have a reason for wishing to know: if you either cannot or will not tell me who she is, I must be contented to remain in ignorance.’

“ ‘ Thou art somewhat of the hastiest, friend,’ replied the Quaker, ‘ and I perceive like our fellow traveller here, likest

better to receive than pay. I can tell thee little more of the woman than she hath told thee herself, that she serves the woman Sybella T——, and that she is named Rebecca Corner. She was born in the town where I dwell, and in her youth had some wanton ways, but she is now a saint as well as the woman Sybella.'

"This account raised my curiosity to know the history of Lady Sybella, which I had heard imperfectly related, and I asked the old man if he could favor me with the particulars of it. After a little hemming! he complied, and I shall only tell you so much of what he said, for it was a disgusting recital, as at all seems interesting, that is, that Hardenbrass was the fiend of the piece, and that it strikes me it may not be improbable that this very woman was the friend of Lady Letitia.'

"'And if so,' interrupted Anarella,'

may not the surgeon you met with be the very person it would most serve **Mr. Haverill** to find ?'

" 'Indeed I think you are right,' replied Medley, ' and I wish I had learnt his name ! but, there are ways of finding him I suppose, though London is a wide place, and I will do all I can to discover who he was. I recollect some little circumstances that give me a sort of clue to his residence, and I will endeavor to catch the thread if possible : but I must talk to **Mr. Haverill** about this !

" Well, ladies, I have little more to say ! when I arrived in London, I wondered at my own eagerness to be in a place where I was a mere cypher, and without staying longer than to rest myself, I went down to Medley Hall. How desolate I felt there quite alone, I need not tell you ; I was tired of myself in a week, and set off to Bath and Cheltenham. Since that time I have lived among my friends, going home only to receive them there,

and departing again as soon as I had done the honors of my house. Such is the life of a bachelor, and to own the truth, I am very heartily tired of it! I see the companions of my early years surrounded with promising families, who, offer the prospect of aimable and affectionate companions at a time when from being less able to mix with the world, a man most needs it, and I confess that I am now filled with the hope of being equally fortunate myself. It is impossible ladies to express the change that has taken place in my ideas and my feelings within the last two months, and it would be in vain to deny that it is *your society*—.'

“ While uttering the words ‘ *your society*,’ Mr. Medley rose from his chair and approached Anarella with a very lover-like air, while she on her part was covered with blushes arising partly from vexation: at this moment the drawing room door opened, and Haverill walked in. He had made up his mind as we

said before, to see and hear things that would lacerate his heart, but he could not forego Anarella's society, and in spite of the Doctor's express order, he determined to come down to supper.

The expression of his countenance as he entered, struck Anarella to the heart! it was not pain or mere severity, it was a mixture of passions with an air of fortitude under suffering, that was new to her observation, and while Medley who was on the point of declaring himself, turned away and internally wished Haverill at the devil, she stood like a statue of grief, and the tears involuntarily ran down her cheeks.

Haverill had prepared himself to see Anarella's tenderness for another, but he had not imagined she would have any to spare for himself, and the speaking language of her eye almost threw him off his guard: he would have given the world to be able to fall at her feet, and tell her he adored her, but he wished Anarella to

esteem him, and he only enquired how she found the air and exercise of the morning agree with her. This question, though one of mere commonplace civility, made Anarella change countenance, for it recalled the ridiculous scene Medley had acted, and she almost hated him. She fancied that Haverill asked it with meaning, and she determined if he gave her any hint of encouraging such a suspicion as what he saw might probably give birth to, that she would tell him explicitly he was mistaken.

But Haverill was the most unlikely person in the world to hint any thing of the kind, he had constant employment to suppress his own feelings, and he loved Anarella too well to hurt her's. When he saw her change countenance then, he turned to Mrs. St. Arno, and for some time the only conversation was concerning himself: in this Mr. Medley did not join, he walked about the room four or five minutes, and then left it.

“ ‘ Bless me ! is Mr. Medley gone ?’ said Mrs. St. Arno, ‘ I fear we have tired him with talking ! he really has taken an amazing deal of trouble to amuse us. He has been giving us a little history of his adventures, and I wish you had heard his story, it was very amusing and interesting ; he is certainly a very intelligent agreeable man ! he was our chief companion at Rhanvellyn ! I don’t know what we should have done without him.’

“ He is at least a very happy man ! ” said Haverill.

“ Do you think so ? ” replied the old lady, “ Why I really don’t know whether he is so happy as we thought him. He seems to regret having lived single so long, and to be determined to marry ! and I should think he would make an excellent husband ! ”

Haverill looked at Anarella when Mrs. St. Arno said this, and the scene of the morning flying in her face, his look pro-

duced the confusion, he expected to find. He felt now more confirmed than ever in his suspicion, and in spite of his efforts he shook with agony.

“ Oh dear!” cried Mrs. St. Arno, “ now you have ventured down this evening, when, if you valued yourself as you ought, you would be in bed. Why this is quite a shivering fit! Poor Anarella had one this morning, that alarmed me very much, but her little walk quite recovered her, she came in so blooming!”

Again Haverill looked at Anarella, and again she was conscious and confused.

“ I should think a little air would be of use both to you and to me, as soon as the wind leaves this cold quarter,” continued Mrs. St. Arno, “ and with the permission of our Host, I must try, for I want to be in London. I think by the end of next week, or the beginning of the following, I might venture by easy stages, and I must

harden myself a little before hand. I must try to-morrow, I think, how I bear the carriage".

"Then you are lost to me!" said Haverill.

"Not unless you forsake *us*, my good friend!" said Mrs. St. Arno, "for we shall certainly henceforward make our home in England, and wherever that home may be, the friend and companion of our adversity will be a most welcome guest. It will be a pleasant thing a year or two hence, to look back on the present storms, and to recollect the mutual assistance we have afforded each other! by that time, I trust, the great delinquent will be punished, and you will have had justice done you! and now, while we are talking about you, excuse me for venturing to say, that any interest I have on any occasion will be your's, and that I hope you will not forget to apply to me, if you think I can be useful; you know the mouse was of service to the king of

beasts, and confined as my circle is, I may do you good."

This friendly and affectionate discourse exceedingly moved Haverill, and by changing the nature of his feelings did him good; he ventured to press Mrs. St. Arno's hand respectfully to his lips, but he could not make any reply.

"And now, tell me," continued Mrs. St. Arno, "and truly too, how your shoulder is, and how long you expect it may be before you are well; that is, well enough to move. You look feverish to-night, and that is not as it should be."

In reply to this Haverill said, that he hoped in a month or five weeks at farthest to be quite out of danger, and that he should endeavour to move from H— before that time. He then expressed the almost filial affection he felt for Mrs. St. Arno, and said, perhaps, truly enough, that but for her generous care he should not now have been in existence. "I

have yet to learn," continued he, " whether existence is or is not a blessing to me, for what pleasure can it afford a present? I am sick, poor, without a home, and without a profession! but even that is not the worst."

" Come, come!" interrupted Mrs. St. Arno, " I shan't let you go on in this way, you must forget these things for the present, and a little time, good care and perseverance will, I trust, do all you have mentioned away. As to the *et cætera* I know you were going to quote, I can only say, that if you are obliged to remain the husband of Lady Letitia, and thus excluded from forming a more happy union, still you have friends who will, in a great measure, supply the want of a nearer connexion. Never despair, my good knight! you don't know what blessings Heaven has in store for you!"

" At least I feel what blessings Fate has deprived me of!" replied Haverill,

his eyes involuntarily resting on Anarella, “ and I have not even hope !”

“ Don’t say so !” said Anarella, “ there is no condition so bad as to exclude Hope, nor any thing so unlikely but it may be brought to pass. There was something so wonderful in your deliverance at the cottage, that I cannot help persuading myself that you are reserved for honor and happiness, and, perhaps, before six months are passed we may have to congratulate you on some blessing, great in proportion to the misery you have suffered.”

“ Angel of peace !” said Haverill. “ I cannot resist the dear idea, and I will try not to despair !”

“ There now, I like that !” said Mrs. St. Arno, “ and pray don’t shut yourself up, but come and chat with your old companions. You will like Mr. Medley very much when you are used to him ! he is a great favorite with Anarella.”

This last observation again destroyed

all Haverill's composure, but the conversation was put an end to by the entrance of the Doctor and Medley, and the rest of the evening passed without any thing remarkable occurring.

## CHAP. XVI.

*Haverill braves Danger—he gives a Proof of great Irritability.*

THE information Mrs. St. Arno had given Haverill of her intention to leave H— by the end of the following week, confirmed him in his resolution of enjoying as much as possible of their society, and though he lay awake a great part of the night he rung much earlier than usual for his attendant, to assist him in rising. Broadhead was not there, and Jemmy Twig officiated for him. Mr. Twig, contrary to his usual custom, was very talkative and very awkward, and so much annoyed Haverill, who was making an effort far above his strength, and in truth, doing a very imprudent thing, that at last he told him, if he

could not be more quiet and less awkward, he must desire him to leave him. This hurt Mr. Twig, and he began to account for the circumstance.

“ I’m sure I humbly beg your pardon, Sir! but you see I’m in a petickler sort a stickle, Sir, and not quite my own man, Sir, and all flabbergasted, Sir!”

Haverill, though angry and irritable, could hardly help smiling, and he asked what that meant. To which Twig replied, “ I really, Sir, don’t pursume for to say what may be the very petickler meaning of that there word, seeing as how I am no schollard, no farther than as to signing my name, or the like of that there, which, by all accounts, I shall have to do Monday morning; and so I have been practiceing a little bit, that I may not come to shame before the parson.”

“ Oh!” said Haverill, “ I understand you now! I had forgotten, you are going to be married.”

“ Yes, Sir! and that’s why I’m flabbergasted,” said **Twig**.

**Haverill** said no more, but went on dressing, and **Mr. Twig**, after a pause, continued the conversation thus :—

“ I’ve heard, Sir, that you are married, so, perhaps, though you are gentle and I simple you can feel a bit for me, Sir, and I hope you’ll excuse me being all quandaryish and queer. I thinks wed-  
ding no joke, though some folks makes a jest of it, for you see, Sir, it’s the very seldomest thing that a man has the good luck to come to be his own man again in any decent time however ; and I’ve heard my master say that as how, if a woman does take it into she’s head to live, she may bury three husbands, which I think is a bit of a shame too ! but worse is the luck of the man as goes for to get hold of one of them there tough hides !”

“ Would you wish your wife to die then ?” said **Haverill**.

“ N——n——o ! Sir,” replied Twig, “ not purcisely that neither ; but if as how it should come for to pass, that us did not suit like, or she should have any tricks, as nobody can’t tell what tricks a woman mayn’t have after wedding, barring before, it would be comfortable just for to be able to say, Jemmy Twig never care nothing about she, for you may be your own man again to-morrow.”

“ If you think so,” said Haverill, “ you had better not marry at all.”

“ N——n——o, Sir ! I don’t think just purcisely that neither,” said Jemmy, “ for you see I’ve taken time to get a knowledge of the woman like, though I did not intend for to make her my wife like at first, but things grows without ones not knowing nothing about it ! and you see, Sir, she’s so fond of me like, it would be well nigh to make she *illsane*, as master calls it, if I should go for to change my mind. Then master never

forgives no betraying ; and to tell the true, I would be glad to die before my girl, rather than not have her tomtiddling after me, as I know well enough she will with her pretty coaxing voice, as makes me as merry as a grig at any hour of the day, be it late or be it early."

"Aye," said Haverill, with a sigh, "you had better marry."

"So I think, Sir," returned Jemmy, "as you see, Sir, it's my fate to marry, and so I must fulfil it, Sir ! Wedding, Sir, as I have heard my grand-mother for to say, wedding is all fate!"

To this Haverill only sighed deeply, for he could not help cursing his fate, and Mr. Twig, who thought his conversation amused him, went on, looking very sly.

"I've heard, Sir, as how, this here gentleman, Mr. Middling, as the house-keeper say he's called, be come here after that sweet young lady, as we all loves so ! pretty creature, and the maid

do say that nobody can't go for to tell how fond he be of the ladies, and that all the people in the place where they was together was sure it would be so, for she heard it from another lady's maid, as heard it from her ladies as was the rich hareasses there. They say as how, he dores the very ground she treads on, and that she sings to him so sweet till he's beside himself, and that he have offered long since to keep her two carriages if she like, and to let her eat off gold, and he thinks nothing too good for her: and for his sake she refused a Lord, and a young gentleman as was nigher her own years, and that though he is older than people would think fit, she is as fond of him as my little girl is of me! and that's what it should be."

" Damnation seize the fool!" cried Haverill, throwing his hair brush against the glass, with the greatest effect possible, for it split it into a hundred pieces, " Be-gone!"

Mr. Twig did not wait for second orders, but made his exit with the rapidity of lightning, and alarmed all the family down stairs, by telling them that poor Mr. Haverill was *illsane*.

As to Haverill himself, he paced his room in an agony that shook his whole frame, ashamed of his conduct, but finding an excuse for it in its cause. "If such are my feelings on barely hearing the gossip of domestics, what will they be when I shall see her—No! I never will see her after she is another's—I might then be thrown off my guard; I might then injure her by shewing a tenderness which I feel unconquerable. But I have a pleasure in my sufferings! and as long as I can breathe the same air, and eat at the same table, I will! it will make me well! it will give me a motive for exertion! Such were part of his reflections, and he was interrupted in the midst of them by Dr. Twentymen, who came to make his customary visit.

He looked much astonished at the devastation, and no less so at seeing Haverill up, and walking with such rapidity about his room; and he began to suspect that his patient was really mad.

“ Why, my dear Haverill, what is all this?” said he, after a pause; “ why are you up so early, so imprudently early? and what has agitated you in this manner? Why your eyes shine with all the brightness of disease, and you look as rosy as if you had walked half a dozen miles. In the name of all that is lovely what is the matter?”

“ Nothing particular,” said Haverill, “ I have been playing the fool! frightening Twig, and breaking the glass! I got up because I can’t lie in bed! I’m better up, and shall be better down stairs! I know exertion will do me good!”

“ Yes, faith! you are in a pretty state for exertion I see!” replied the Doctor, “ a very pretty state! and these ways of

playing the fool, as you call them, are strong symptoms of composure of mind and body! Take care, take care, my dear fellow, how you give way to this."

"Why you don't think I'm crazy, do you?" said Haverill.

"No! not quite!" replied the Doctor, "but I perceive that within the last twenty-four hours your anxiety and irritability have increased, and as you have had one brain fever, arising from mental suffering alone, you cannot wonder at my caution. I am at a loss to guess whence this can arise, for no new circumstance, respecting your affairs or situation has occurred to agitate you, on the contrary, from the train we are putting things in we have every reason to hope the best, and your shoulder, as far as I can judge, is not the cause of this! what is it? do you guess yourself?"

To this Haverill only answered by pressing his friend's hand, and repeating that solitude was most irksome to him,

and that he must go down stairs. The Doctor shook his head, but seeing that he was not in a state to bear contradiction, he accompanied him to the breakfast-room.

## CHAP. XVII.

*Another Walk on the Terrace, and its happy Effect.*

**M**R. Medley was already in the breakfast parlor, and it was not long before the ladies arrived. They looked happy to see Haverill so well, and told him so in a manner that was balm to his heart.

The conversation was chiefly respecting public affairs, and supported almost entirely by the Doctor and Medley, who could not forbear reading the paper even in preference to talking to his mistress, and the rest of the party fed on their own thoughts.

At a convenient pause in the conversation Mrs. St. Arno told the Doctor, that she had some thoughts of riding out after breakfast, with his permission; and as he highly approved her intention,

she ordered the carriage at twelve. She then asked Haverill whether he could bear the motion of the carriage, and he said he thought not. "Because, if you could," said she, "don't deprive me of the pleasure of your company on Anarella's account, she will prefer a walk on the Terrace; she always prefers walking."

This unfortunate observation brought as much blood into Anarella's cheeks as it drove from Haverill's; as to Medley, he was ready to thank Mrs. St. Arno for the hint, and the Doctor half shut his eyes, and tried to suppress a smile. Mrs. St. Arno saw this, and looking round, said very innocently, "Bless me, Doctor, what have I said?"

"What is very agreeable, Ma'am, as you always do," said the Doctor; "and I am sorry Haverill can't accompany you."

"I am afraid it is a mere compliment to ask you, Doctor," returned the old

lady ; “ so **I** must go without a beau, unless Mr. Medley will condescend.”

Mrs. St. Arno said this jocosely, but Medley, who wished for a private conversation with her, immediately replied, that he would take her at her word, and should be both proud and happy to accompany her. Anarella looked so pleased at this, that Haverill fancied it was a settled thing between her and Medley, that he should accompany her aunt ; but he could not help rejoicing that he should have one morning of her society uninterrupted, and the party, with the exception of the Doctor, remained together talking on indifferent subjects till the carriage was announced. Anarella then attended her aunt to assist her with her pelisse and bonnet, and Mr. Medley, having helped her into the carriage, they began their ride.

“ And now,” said Haverill to Anarella, “ you will take your exercise, and **I** will

walk with you; the air will be of as much use to me as to you, and the Terrace is a sheltered promenade." Anarella asked if this was a wise resolve, and Haverill replying that it was the wisest he could now make, it was not long before they were ready, and the sun shone so bright that they both felt exhilarated. Anarella refused Haverill's offered arm, from the fear of fatiguing him, but he drew her hand through it, saying, "Fatigue me! no, it will refresh me, do me good to be again so honored!" Then with a faint smile added, "you need not refuse *me*, you know! I am a married man!"

To this poor Anarella made no reply, for she imagined that Haverill was thinking of the scene he had witnessed between her and Medley; and she was not mistaken. For some time they walked slowly along without speaking, and at last Anarella, who wished to do away the suspicion she saw Haverill entertained, said, "I think you must have been amused

yesterday with the monkey tricks Mr. Medley chose to play ; I really was quite angry at him."

"Indeed!" said Haverill, with unfeigned surprise.

"Yes, indeed!" replied she ; "and perhaps I was more angry with Mr. Medley than I should have been with a younger man ; for it is ridiculous to see an old beau play the gallant."

"You should allow for the temptation," said Haverill, with pleasure sparkling in his eyes ; "I can find an excuse for him."

"I did not know you loved to jest," replied Anarella, "but I am glad to see it even at my own expense ; it is a sign of amended health. The truth is, that Mr. Medley here is very different from Mr. Medley at Rhanellyn ; and I do not think he has improved by the change. There he was rational and agreeable, free from foppery, or any pretension to that, to me disgusting gallantry, which says to a

woman, as plain as any thing can say, ' Pray do admire me and my wit!' Here he degenerates into a sort of satirical buffoon, and though I can hardly help laughing at what sits so ill upon him, I am vexed, because I see Doctor Twentymen attaches an idea to it, that I never can admit with common patience."

While Anarella spoke this with much earnestness and animation, Haverill stopped and gazed upon her face with an expression of delight that she had never, from the first moment of their acquaintance, seen ; and even after she had done he continued to look at her.

" Ah ! I see *you* are surprised too," said Anarella. " Well ! this is very odd ! I can't think how it is that people are so ready to believe a tale of flirtation, and I should have thought, that you who are so free from common-place gallantry, and know me so well, would have been a little cautious in giving credence to such a foolish story."

“ I ought to have known better,” said Haverill, “ than to believe the bare recital of it from others ; but you must pardon me, my dear Miss St. Arno, if I remind you, that Mr. Medley’s first address to you, on the evening of his arrival, was not that of either common friendship, or common gallantry, and I have fancied several times since, that things have occurred rather confirming than contradicting my idea.”

“ Nay now, I shall be really angry at you,” said Anarella, “ if you say so, for I am quite ignorant of what you can allude to. But I shall be doubly careful not to say or do any thing that may lead to the conclusion, that any attentions from Mr. Medley could be agreeable to me.”

It was with the greatest difficulty that Haverill concealed his joy, and forbore to express it aloud, on this natural and gratifying declaration of his adopted sister, for so he liked to call Anarella,

and he promised that he would endeavour to cure the Doctor of his whim, without telling him that Anarella had said a word to him on the subject. Soon after the two friends concluded their walk, and retired to the library, where they amused themselves with some of their favorite authors till the return of the carriage, the occupiers of which expressed their astonishment at the improvement in their looks, and Haverill in reply said, they had been enjoying the sunshine on the Terrace. "What, Sir, have you been out?" said Medley, with an air of chagrin.

"As you hear, Sir," returned Haverill with a smile; "Miss St. Arno permitted my attendance, and I was not philosopher enough to forego a pleasure that the experience of some weeks has taught me to set so much value on." Mr. Medley made no reply to this, and the party separated to dress for dinner.

## CHAP. XVIII.

*Doctor Twentymen shows he is not infallible.—  
A Declaration, with its Consequences.*

WHEN Doctor Twentymen met his friends at dinner, he looked at Haverill with the greatest surprise, having expected to find him either more unmanageable than ever, or so exhausted as to be unable to sit up. “ Well ! ” cried he, “ I don’t at all understand you ! not at all ! you look better at the moment I expect to find you dying, and seem to improve as if to set my prognostics at naught ! What have you been doing ? ”

“ What you forbid me, ” replied Haverill, “ taking a walk, and with so good success that I confess I have not felt so well since my convalescence.”

“ I’m glad of it ! ” said the good natured physician, “ I am glad of it ! I

hope no evil consequences will follow! my patient at the Stag too is anxious to get out, and I have given her leave to try to-morrow; but she seems to be so impetuous, that I'm half afraid she'll overdo it."

"Poor thing! who is she?" said Anarella.

"A Mrs. Cust, a widow of an officer who was killed at Waterloo, she tells me, and she was seized with a dreadful illness here on her way to town. I fancy grief brought it on, grief and over fatigue! she is asking every day when she may go, and I have told her that I think now another fortnight will release her,—that is, if she does not get cold!"

"She must be very melancholy, alone and sick at an Inn," said Anarella looking at Haverill, who understood the kind thought.

"Why!" returned the doctor, "so I thought, and I asked her to come and take a dinner with us as soon as she can,

but she looked half offended at me ; and said that to grief like her's society was irksome, and to society such a being as herself must be irksome. I told her what our party consisted of, and she does now so far forget her own feelings, as to ask how my invalids go on." " If she thinks society irksome, she of course would find it so," said Medley, " and perhaps she may not have mixed much with the world since she lost her husband."

" No, I fancy not," replied the Doctor, " for my part I think half the troubles of life arise from getting husbands and wives, and getting rid of them! Folks are never satisfied!"

After dinner Haverill excused himself from staying with the gentlemen, and followed the ladies to the drawing room, where one of those agreeable conversations took place that transported the parties back to Rose Cottage ; but it was soon interrupted by Mr. Medley, who looked more thoughtful than he had appeared

since his arrival at H——; he took two or three turns about the room, and then walking up to Anarella and Haverill, who sat together on the sopha, he said, “ should I be pardoned if I separated friends? am I to say?”

“ Certainly friends,” replied Anarella.

“ Miss St. Arno and I have been sister and brother in scenes of distress,” said Haverill, “ and I am not willing to change the term in happier days.”

“ Not yet, Sir,” cried Medley, “ the time is not come to change the term! My request, Miss St. Arno, is to be favored with ten minutes conversation with you alone.”

Anarella looked at her Aunt, who said, “ Certainly my dear, if agreeable to yourself! Mr. Haverill will accompany me to another room.”

Haverill was rising, but Anarella put her hand on his arm and prevented him. “ I am not modern enough to allow that, my dear Aunt,” said she, “ I will go

with Mr. Medley to the Dining room, which is now, I dare say, at liberty ! but really, Mr. Medley, you may say any thing to me in the presence of these kind friends."

" So I fear!" replied Medley with a sigh, " so I fear! indulge me notwithstanding! I shall be happier for it all the days of my life!"

Anarella made no reply to this; she passed through the door which Mr. Medley held open for her, and entered the dining room lighted only by the fire, and occupied by Mr. Twig, who was about to remove the things left on the table, but he had unfortunately put out his candle. Without sitting down, Miss St. Arno asked for lights, and Mr. Twig produced them with a look of sly gravity that provoked her: he then left the room and shut the door, from whence he probably would not have moved, had not Mr. Medley opened it and examined whether any body was in the passage ! having as-

certained that the coast was free from listeners, he returned to Anarella, and said : “As the result of our conversation, Madam, is of the utmost consequence to me, I must beg that you will favor me so far as to be seated, and to listen to me with that same sweetness and patience you have so often indulged me with.”

There was something so gentlemanly and unpresuming in Mr. Medley’s deportment, that Anarella could not have helped complying with his request, even if it had been one that was more unpleasant to her ; she therefore sat down, and Medley went on.

“ You cannot be at a loss, Miss St. Arno, to guess the subject on which I am desirous to dilate a little, and as your aunt has probably told you, on which I consulted her this morning. I told her what I now tell you, that my most earnest wish is to create in your breast, such an interest in my favor, as may induce you to become my wife. I am not ignorant

of the great disadvantage the disparity of years throws into the scale against me ; but if your affections are disengaged, I should hope that might be counterbalanced by the advantages of fortune. Nay, don't interrupt me, pray, my sweet enemy, so I may call you, for haste to speak bodes me no good, hear me out, pray. Your aunt this morning acknowledged that you are now dependent upon her, and though her style of living speaks plainly enough that she has a handsome income, yet as she is a widow, I am perhaps warranted in supposing that it is but an income. I take it then for granted that you have no fortune, and the circumstance gives me pleasure, as I shall feel but too highly honored if I can persuade you to share mine. It is ample, my dear Miss St. Arno, perhaps even beyond your wishes, and should you be prevailed on to partake it with me, your aunt herself shall dictate the provision to be made for you in case of my death. So much

for the worldly part of the business. As to myself, I have taken occasion to shew you my character and disposition by relating to you my way of life, and you must allow me to add that I feel for you a degree of respect, esteem, and affection, that would, I trust, ensure your felicity in a married life. Tell me then honestly, for from you I may request a sincere answer, tell me whether you can let me hope that a little time, and those attentions it would be my glory to pay you, may produce such a favorable feeling towards me as I most earnestly wish."

Mr. Medley paused here, as did his hearer, and he augured favorably from her silence; but he was mistaken, for she was only studying how to hurt him least by her refusal. At last she gained courage to speak, and in a firm voice said, "My hesitation in answering you, Mr. Medley, arises from the difficulty of expressing what I wish to say. Sir, your character I exceedingly value! it is such

as I should love in a brother! and if I could give you my affections, the difference of age would be no obstacle ; you are yet a young man. But I feel, most strongly feel, that no attentions on your part could change the nature of the respect and esteem our intercourse has created. I never can be your wife!"

" You use strong, and, I doubt not, sincere language, Miss St. Arno," said Medley, in a mortified tone, " and I own I am disappointed. Was it my own wishes that, on the night of my arrival here, deceived my sight? did they paint your eyes swimming in tenderness and cheeks suffused with blushes—your look conscious and hand trembling with agitation, when no such reality existed? or was another the cause of the emotion?"

" If such circumstances really existed, though to me it is unknown if they did," replied Anarella, coldly, " *you* certainly were not the cause, Mr. Medley."

" If!! they certainly did exist, and I

believe they have caused me to make a fool of myself more than once," said Medley; " they surely were realities, and if not for me, Miss St. Arno, for another—confess that to me."

" No," said Anarella, rising, " that's not in the bond; as far as you are concerned, Mr. Medley, I have been very sincere; but if I was conscious of a preference for another, which I am not, I would not tell you, I assure you. My situation is such, that if ever I marry, it will probably be some years hence; but do not let my remaining single induce you to do so: my aunt, as well as myself, would be sorry to lose so intelligent a friend, and from what has now past, we must, of course, lose your society till you can give us the additional pleasure of introducing Mrs. Medley to us."

" And must this be final?" cried Medley, detaining her as she walked towards the door; " will no terms, the disposition of my whole fortune——"

“ I could love a man without a fortune,” said Anarella, “ and perhaps have indiscretion enough to marry him ; but I never could marry a fortune, where my whole heart was not given to the man. Let me repeat, Sir, that I feel honoured by your offer, but my present determination is irreversible.” So saying, Anarella left Medley in the greatest amazement, for he certainly did not expect to be refused, and returned to her aunt and Haverill, with whom she found Doctor Twentymen, and the conversation ensued, which the reader may find in the next chapter.

## CHAP. XIX.

*The Doctor discovers his Mistake—gives a Proof of having some Curiosity.—Haverill has a Gleam of Joy.—Medley departs.*

“ **W**HY, my fair guest, I had lost you,” cried the **D**octor, when **A**narella entered ; “ I thought you had a beau with you, where is he ? ”

“ I left Mr. **M**edley in the dining-room,” replied she quietly, and resuming the seat she had quitted.

**H**averill had rested his arm on the sopha, and covered his face with his hand, as soon as **A**narella left the room, and he had remained in that position till she again sat down by him : he then ventured to look at her, and received so sweet a sisterly smile, free from all agitation or consciousness, that he felt assured the interview had

terminated as he would have wished ; the subject he thought he guessed.

“ Umph !” said the Doctor, “ in the dining-room ! In my days, a gentleman would as soon have thought of pulling a lady by the nose, as of letting her leave him in a dining-room : he would, at least, have led her back to the drawing-room.”

“ I think it is better as it is,” said Anarella, “ I preferred coming alone.”

“ Indeed ! umph !” cried the Doctor, “ that’s a bad symptom.”

“ Of what, pray ?” asked Anarella, laughing.

“ Of the cold fit of an ague,” answered the Doctor, “ and it is absolutely necessary that I should feel your pulse.” He then put his fingers upon her left wrist, which was next him, and perceiving the ring on her wedding finger, “ ha, ha !” said he, “ a diagnostic of another kind, and I dare swear, put on by a gentleman.”

“ You are lucky in your guess, Doctor,” returned Anarella, “ it certainly was

put on by a gentleman, and at a moment of great interest and agitation ; I never shall forget it as long as I live."

" I dare say not," said the Doctor, whose curiosity was roused, " I dare say not, and now—mind I know better than to ask names, but do favour me so far as to tell me one thing, was it put on at Rhanvellyn?"

" No ! before I saw Rhanvellyn," answered Anarella.

" Umph ! before ? ah, then it could not be ; let me see, was it in England it was put on ?"

" Yes," said Anarella.

" Well, come, I'm glad of that," said the Doctor ; " that's right : then I suppose it was an Englishman that put it on : Do you ever take it off ?"

" When I wash my hands," replied Anarella.

" Will you, then, for once, do so when you do not wash, and indulge me with a

peep at the pearls," said he; "they are uncommonly large."

Anarella took off her ring, and put it into the Doctor's hand, making a sign to her aunt and Haverill to be quiet; and the good man wiped his spectacles, and turned it this way and that, some time. At last he exclaimed, "Ha! I thought there was a motto on the gold, and now I see it---Pignus amoris! Very pretty and classical!"

"A motto!" cried Anarella, taking the ring; "why I never saw it; what does it mean, Mr. Haverill?"

The reader may guess poor Haverill's sensations, and the difficulty he had to command his feelings: he, however, succeeded, and taking the ring in his hand, he replaced it on Anarella's finger, saying, composedly, "It is only *a pledge of love.*"

"Only!" cried the Doctor; "why you Anchoret! if you had been married ten

deep, I could not forgive that tone. Only! can you look at Miss St. Arno, and think what the feelings of the happy being were when he put on that ring, and not sympathize with his felicity?"

"Oh, dear Doctor, you are quite mistaken," said Anarella, "he was not happy, I assure you; I wish he had."

"Perhaps he was leaving you," said the insatiable physician.

"No; he was staying with me," said Anarella.

"Then I am to suppose, what the ring would seem to contradict," cried the Doctor, "that you were cruel, and did not sympathize with his feelings?"

"Nothing of the kind," replied Anarella, "I *did* sympathize with his feelings, and I was not at all cruel."

"What then could make him unhappy?" asked the Doctor.

"I did not quite know then," said Anarella, "but I found out afterwards it was a wife."

“ A wife ! what then he was not your lover ?” cried the Doctor, in a tone of disappointment.

“ No ; he was my brother,” said Anarella.

“ Pshaw !” said the Doctor, “ what a foolish motto for a brother. I did not know you had a brother.”

“ He is only my brother by adoption,” said Anarella.

“ And has he a wife now ?” said the Doctor.

“ He has,” said Anarella.

“ Pshaw !” cried the Doctor, “ I have been on the wrong scent then.”

“ Yes, I know that,” said Anarella ; “ but to set you quite at ease, I’ll tell you, that it was Mr. Haverill who gave me the ring.” She then related the circumstance as it happened ; and Mrs. St. Arno shewed him her diamond.

To poor Haverill this whole conversation was gall and wormwood ; but the knowledge that Anarella’s affections were

yet at liberty, consoled him, and he indulged the fond hope, that if he ever should be free to sue for them, she might be induced to listen to him. He sat by her, drinking large draughts of love, and with difficulty concealing it ; and though he acknowledged to himself that he was then on the brink of a precipice, the prospect below was too enchanting to allow him to draw back. His belief that she had refused Medley endeared her doubly to him, and when he saw the tender glance of her eye, in speaking to himself, he could not help hoping that at a proper time, the certain kindness she felt towards him might be improved into an affection that would ensure his felicity. Thus conscious of, but wilfully blind to his danger, Haverill increased his passion for Anarella, while she nourished her's by an intercourse, of the effects of which she was not aware. To an indifferent spectator, who knew not the circumstances of the case, they would have appeared like happy lovers ; to the friends around, they

seemed only animated by a spirit of fraternal kindness.

It was at the conclusion of the foregoing conversation that Mr. Medley returned, with an air of gaiety which completely imposed on the Doctor, though it did not on the rest of the party. "Upon my word," said he to Haverill, "you married men have completely the advantage over us single dogs, and enjoy more of the ladies' smiles in a week, than we do in a year. Miss St. Arno treats you with smiles, and me with daggers. Nay! cruel as fair! don't look so astonished and so killing! you know very well, that every word you uttered in the other room was a dagger to me!"

"I really did not intend, Sir, to deal in daggers," replied Anarella, "I only spoke the truth."

"Truth! why, my fair enemy, don't you know truth is the veriest nine-edged weapon that any body can use? But you have not done as most people do who

speak the truth ; you have not lost a friend ! I care not who knows it, Miss St. Arno, I have had the glory of being refused by you ; and I believe, till your twin appears on earth, it is the last attempt I shall make on a lady's heart."

" Since you have mentioned it," replied Anarella, " I cannot object to discuss the subject in the presence of these friends. I assure you, nobody but my aunt would otherwise have known it. But don't make so desperate a resolve, Mr. Medley ; don't leave me any regret, such as being endowed with matchless beauty, &c. &c. and lay me under the necessity of tearing my cheeks, or giving myself a black eye, lest I should be too dangerous !"

" Aye, you can jest, Miss St. Arno," said Medley, " for you have never loved ; I'm sure of it ; but I trust a day of vengeance will come, and that I may live to see you—pity even me."

" That's too cruel," cried Mrs. St. Arno ; " I hope, if Anarella ever should love,

that she will be so happy, as not to be reminded of the sufferers by the passion. She feels herself honoured, Mr. Medley, by your selection of her ; and at least you must own she has not trifled with you."

"Trifled ! no—she behaved like —, Miss St. Arno ; and I feel eternally obliged to her sincerity !" answered Medley. "But this house is now no abode for me ! and the sooner I quit it, the better chance I shall have to be again at peace with myself. I came here to serve Mr. Haverill, and a little active employment will do me good ; what shall we set about first then ? what shall I do abroad for you, while you bask in the smiles of this generous *sister*, I think you call her, at H——?"

Haverill looked at Anarella with an expression of countenance, while Medley spoke, that said as plainly as look could say, she is dearer to me than a thousand sisters, but it was so interpreted only by Mr. Medley, whose own feelings were

but too much in unison with Haverill's. When he said, then, in reply, that the best way of serving him would be, by exposing the circumstances of Hardenbrass's connexion with Lady Letitia, Medley caught his hand, and said "I understand you: nothing I can do shall be wanting, but it is not for your sake alone! I'll set off to-morrow to ——, and try what is to be done with Field—thence I shall go to London, and according to circumstances stay there or return here."

While Haverill was returning his thanks to Mr. Medley for this trouble, and still more for the way in which Medley had offered to serve him, Doctor Twentymen was listening with an earnestness that was somewhat ludicrous, and taking pinch after pinch of his 37. Like many others who venture to judge, and to prognosticate, he was, he found, mistaken, and like them, he was vexed at being so. He had seen that Medley admired Anarella, and he had fancied that

she was in love with him ! the reader may guess his astonishment, that this was not the case, and that Anarella should by Medley's own account, have given him a decided refusal. He was vexed to lose the society of Medley, who particularly pleased him, and he expressed his regret in very warm terms.

Indeed, Mr. Medley found he had every kind and flattering feeling from the whole family, save only one feeling, and that one, he most wished. Without Anarella's love, he felt he could not stay at H——, and he fancied he saw where she would bestow it, if the individual was at liberty to ask for it. He was too generous to resent her not giving it to him, and he looked forward to a time when he could claim her friendship : he told her so, and she answered, that he had it already. "Oh ! it is now a dangerous treasure !" said he, "too nearly allied to another passion, to be indulged till I grow wiser. I don't know how the rest of the world

may feel! but take care of yourself, Doctor, for you are not invulnerable, and this young lady will, I dare say, not scruple to tell you, that she values you. She gives friendship—but, the heedless receiver does not discover that she exacts love in return."

"If I had any influence over you," said Anarella, "I should only exact one thing, and if you obliged me in that, I should have nothing more to find fault with."

"And what is that," asked Medley.

"That you should never talk about love, either directly or indirectly! it is the only subject I would prohibit."

"And do you mean to be equally cruel to all men," said Medley; glancing his eye towards Haverill, who sat on thorns.

"That I do not intend to tell," replied Anarella, "I have heard that every body must be in love once in their lives, but as my turn is not yet come, I forbear to speak on a subject I do not understand."

“Admirably parried!” cried the Doctor, “I would however give something to see what you will say, when your turn does come.”

“Oh, when it does, I’ll send you word, Doctor,” replied Anarella, “and then you may be gratified at the cheap price of giving your time to so important a subject.”

“I take you at your word,” cried the Doctor, “and if you would but let me be at the wedding—.”

“I have not yet begun my journey that way,” said Anarella laughing, “so don’t exact a promise for the last stage. I wish no more might be said about wedding! I’m sure we were all much more comfortable as friends, than we can now be, since Mr. Medley’s becoming a lover must deprive us of his society.”

This compliment, which was sincerely Anarella’s thought, gratified her rejected lover, who contrived to be the life of the

party during the whole evening, at the small expence of lying awake the greatest part of the night. He set off the next morning, before any of the family was stirring.

## CHAP. XX.

*Business.—A Wedding.*

THE very morning of Mr. Medley's departure, a packet arrived from the solicitor, to whom Haverill had written, informing him that he had in pursuance of his orders consulted and taken the opinions of Mr. Sergeant Gildpill, Mr. Sergeant Trimfib, and the Councillors Macdin, Overdumfiddling, and Horseleech, and that none of these gentlemen whose opinions he inclosed, gave any encouragement to pursue the line Mr. Haverill had suggested. That it could incontrovertibly be proved, that Mr. Haverill had been married with his own free consent, that he had made no stipulation, that the lady should be a virgin, or even not pregnant, and that she having been in his company

free from any restraint, and already so far advanced in her pregnancy, it would be difficult to persuade a jury, that Mr. Haverill could be so far deceived, and that the whole would be regarded as a means to extort money from Lord Barbertown, or to get rid of his daughter. Mr. Leaseown added, that he was morally certain, if they went into court they should be non-suited, as there would be no possibility of bringing the only efficient witness Lady Letitia, to consent to appear, and that if after considering this and the enclosed opinions, Mr. Haverill still intended to prosecute his suit, he (Mr. Leaseown) requested the pleasure of seeing him, or hearing circumstantially from him without delay.

There was something so rational in what Mr. Leaseown stated, that it convinced Haverill and Doctor Twentymen, that nothing short of the testimony of Lady Letitia herself, could be of use to prove the fact of his ignorance of her

situation, and he considered that it would be impossible to secure this, as she would of course rather remove from the kingdom, than allow a subpoena to be served upon her. The Doctor suggested that as the affair was now one of public discussion, it was not improbable that the adverse party might offer terms, and he thought it would be better to wait a few weeks till Haverill could go to London, before Mr. Leaseown had further orders, and in the mean time to try to procure evidence of the murder of Lady Letitia's child, which once established, the conspiracy, on occasion of her second pregnancy, might be satisfactorily proved even by Hardenbrass himself.

And now the family were chiefly occupied with the nuptials of Mr. Twig, which took place on the Monday morning, to the great joy of the parties concerned, who had an excellent dinner provided by Mrs. Sweetapple for themselves and their friends, and the Doctor treated

the household with a ball in the evening. He asked Anarella whether she would for once accept of an old man for a partner, after he should have danced with the bride, and she complied with his wish, and danced the second dance with him, while Haverill and Mrs. St. Arno looked on and admired the grace and ease of her movements. Having thus far gratified his household, the Doctor and his friends left them to enjoy themselves, wisely considering that the presence of their superiors, was rather a restraint than a pleasure.

Haverill would have led Anarella back to the parlor, but the Doctor insisted upon the privilege of a partner. "You young men have advantages enough," said he, "and we old ones must not give up any casual one that falls in our way. Poor Medley, if he were here, would be ready to burst for envy of my felicity! but that would not make me give up my post."

"I am sorry I could not dance in honor

of the occasion," said Haverill! "I believe I frightened poor Twig yesterday morning by my impatience, and I should have been glad to shew him, that I am not quite *illsane*, as he calls it."

"I have heard," said the Doctor, "that a man will often give twenty reasons for a thing, but not come near the true one! I should like to know what Twig said or did, that occasioned the death of my poor glass."

Mrs. St. Arno asked what the Doctor was talking about, and he was mischievous enough to tell her, what a paroxysm of rage poor Haverill had suffered.

"It is very true," said Haverill, "I was almost mad, but my walk on the terrace recomposed me, and I am convinced now, happily convinced that I can never feel any return of the same malady! at least I hope so!"

"I want to know," said the Doctor, what medley of ideas you had in your

brain. I don't at all understand the sudden and extraordinary change there was in your system yesterday, I confess it baffles me."

"As I told you, Doctor, it is a medley I am not now afraid of," replied Haverill. "I am now getting well fast, and I hope shall break no more glasses."

The Doctor had recourse to his snuff box, and considered all Haverill said, without at all guessing the truth, he then proposed a rubber at whist, and as he had perfect confidence in the discretion of Mrs. Sweetapple, he and his friends retired to their apartments at the usual hour, and left the family below to the full enjoyment of a fiddle and a good supper. Perhaps no individual in the house was happier than the good Doctor himself, for he enjoyed the congregated pleasure of all; and as he laid his head down on the pillow, he wondered which of his household would next trip to the altar of Hymen, and give him an opportunity of enjoying

the same scene over again. As to Haverill, a persuasion, a something more than hope of future felicity with Anarella filled his mind; and the very circumstance of a wedding in the family, which all his friends had feared would make him melancholy, contributed to cheer him. Though there was now no greater probability of breaking the fatal tie between Lady Letitia and himself, than there had been two days before, yet he was a happier man, and more convinced it would be broken; and the certainty that Anarella valued him, and did not love another, counterbalanced all the rest. He already anticipated the day, when he might tell Miss St. Arno that she was dearer than life to him, and ventured to see in perspective, when that the good Doctor should salute the bride, and not refuse afterwards to give her to himself. He thought, if once separated from Lady Letitia, that his father would probably think it for his credit to be reconciled to

him ; and in that case, he flattered himself that there was property enough to be a support for both, or at least to enable him to push himself in some profession. With a mind filled with these reveries, he fell asleep, and we hope our readers will not condemn him as a fool for indulging them ! if they do, all we can say is, that in matters of love, all men, even the wisest are fools.

## CHAP. XXI.

*High Life below Stairs, or modern Manners.—A Ball, and its fatal Termination.*

**DOCTOR** Twentymen was one of those liberal people who don't like to do things by halves, and he had given permission to his household, not only to invite the particular friends of the bride and bridegroom to dinner, but to make such additions to their party in the evening, as should enable them to have a merry dance, and plenty of partners.

It happened in this humble world, as it not unfrequently does in the more exalted, that the number of females exceeded the males; and as none of the ladies, particularly Mrs. Sweetapple liked to stand up with one of their own sex, they were very solicitous to procure

more gentlemen than the town of H— usually produced. Not that there were not plenty of footmen in H—, but Mrs. Sweetapple was very select in her society, and she would not for the world have admitted a man in livery, unless he took wages above thirty guineas per annum! This necessarily made the number of beaux small. But Mrs. Sweetapple be-thought herself of a plan, which would keep her rule inviolate, and furnish her with beaux too! and this was to commission Broadhead, who was a good deal at the Stag, to invite any gentlemen he was acquainted with there, provided they did not live in the town, and he obliged her, by producing three, one of whom was domestic to my Lord Ratinplace, who was staying the night at the Stag, another was valet to a young gentleman, likewise a traveller, who arrived after dark, and the third had been staying two days at the Stag, waiting for his master's orders.

It was not till after the Doctor and his friends had retired, that these gentlemen were introduced, as their services had been required later than was agreeable, and they had to dress after they were dismissed. They were presented in form to Mrs. Sweetapple as mistress of the ceremonies, and to Mrs. Twig as queen of the day ; and when this presentation was over, they turned round on their heels, and eyed the assembly with almost as much contempt, rudeness, and insolence, as their masters could have done.

My Lord Ratinplace's gentleman was a Frenchman, and had condescended to attend only for the joke of the thing he said, as he was particularly careful not to mix with the canaille ! but he thought that his doing it for once in so obscure a place as H——, would not injure him in society. The young gentleman's valet was a long legged Irishman, very vain of his person ; and the third man appeared to be either a Swiss or a German, very

proud and dignified, and he boasted that he spoke such good English nobody could find him out for a foreigner.

As the company were about to call a new dance, and there were several ladies unprovided, Mrs. Sweetapple asked them to choose their partners, and they accordingly put their glasses to their eyes and surveyed the assembly, some of whom smirked and turned their heads twenty ways, which was excusable, as they had not had the advantage of a dancing master at a guinea a lesson ; and others drew themselves up and curled their mouths, or half pulled off the ends of their gloves. In short, the introduction of these important gentlemen, caused as much emotion in Mrs. Sweetapple's dominions, as three young officers in a new uniform would elsewhere. Among those most interested in this accession of males was Mrs. Dunn, who having neither youth, beauty, nor friends, had sat still all the

evening ; (she said, she never would foot it with a woman while there was a man in the room), and she now expected that her superior manners, and elegant dress, would attract one of the strangers to her. In this, however, she was mistaken, for the Irishman kissing his hand to the bride, who was a very pretty girl, led her forth ; the German chose a gay lady's maid, and the Frenchman said he must first know what style they danced in, before he made his selection.

During the last thirty years Mrs. Sweetapple had valued herself upon the style of her dancing, and with an air of pique she answered, that things were done at Doctor Twentymen's in as good style as at any lord's in the kingdom.

“ Dat may be ! ” replied the Frenchman, “ par hazard ! but I mean de style of de dance.”

“ Why, Mounseer,” said the house-keeper ; “ do you think nobody can dance

but French folks? We shan't stop the figure by wrong turns, we know better than that."

"Foutre!" replied the Frenchman; "I don't talk of dat! I talk of de dance, de—de—style, de cotillon! de valtz! dat is vat I mean say! de gout!"

"Oh! you are talking of the *foraging* ways of dancing!" said Mrs. Sweetapple; "where, as I've heard, the men and women go nigh to kiss one another! No, Mounseer, we does not dance them things yet here; we sticks by the Devil among the Taylors, Go to the Devil and shake Yourself, Drops of Brandy, and a few of the new fashionable dances, such as Julian, and Waterloo."

"Den you does not valtz?" said the Frenchman.

"No, Mounseer, we knows nothing about that," answered the lady.

"Den I cannot dance at all!" said he with great contempt; "I cannot dance

dose barbare dances dat shake a gentleman's breath out of his body."

After this polite declaration, which offended most of the company, he sat down, stretching out his legs to their full extent, and looking at times through his glass. The rest of the party continued their amusement, and the few who sat out were loud in condemning the rudeness of a gentleman that pretended to be a gentleman, who could sit by as senseless as a log, and see ladies want partners. To all this, however, the gentleman was insensible, well knowing that he was doing exactly what the most polite and well-bred men of the first rank pique themselves upon as the acmé of good breeding, and pitying the ignorance of the brutes about him, who could be amused with English country dances, and fancy that attention to the ladies constituted any part of politeness.

Mrs. Dunn, who had not danced at all,

bore this as long as she could bear it, and when she had arrived at the end of her stock of patience, she walked up to the part of the room where he was sitting, and attempted to pass between him and the dancers. This she could not do without either pushing against the dancers or stepping over his legs, so to oblige him to take notice of her, she stopped, and said, "Sir, your legs is a hopstickle in my way." To this he very excusably made no reply, for he did not quite understand her mode of speaking: he only looked at her, thrusting his hands into his breeches pockets, and raising his eyebrows and his shoulders.

"I thinks," continued Dunn in a louder key, "it would be as civil if you vas draw up your spits, and shake them in the service of the ladies, and not expend them here to instruct our sect, in this indecent way."

Still the man was immovable and silent, and Dunn went on.

“ Vell ! what a piece of a shame and disgrace is this here instruction of the vay to a gentlevoman ! What, Sir, vill you force **I** to compiss the ball room rather nor rise your leg to give me a passage here ?”

There was a part of the foregoing paragraph that Monsieur thought he understood, and he answered, “ Yees ! if you please, Madame !” still preserving the same attitude.

“ If I please vat ?” said Dunn.

“ To peess the ball room,” said he.

This indecency enraged Mrs. Dunn, who with difficulty restrained herself from a bodily attack ; but she knew she had little chance with a tall long-legged fellow six feet high, and so she confined herself to the exercise of her tongue, continuing thus :---

“ P-ss the ball-room ! sich illdecency vould never a come vrom a true begotten Englishman, and it is a himfamous attempt of all genteel company ! P-ss the

ball-room vorsooth! you may reform it yourself, and so consult all the world, and be trimmed and turned adrift vor your pains! Never since the hour I could vipe my own nose, nobody haven't dared to throw such an illdecent inflexion on me, and if I wanted ever so bad, you French brute you, I would see you made minced meat of before I would p-ss a drop to save you!"

"As you please, Ma'am," returned Monsieur, still in the same position, and not knowing exactly to what he was answering. This cool, patient politeness inflamed Dunn more than any rude reply could have done; but she said nothing more being determined to pass; so she strode over one of his legs, and would over the other, but he raised it a little higher to prevent her, and said, "If you will valtz, I shall be much honor!"

"Let me go," cried Dunn, "let me go; vhat a behaviour is this?"

The noise Dunn had made had attract-

ed the attention of those near her; and there were various titterings, and suppressed laughs, and elbowings, at the idea of her quarrelling with the Frenchman, though nobody quite understood what passed. Just at the moment we have described, however, the dance being ended the music ceased, and all eyes were turned to Dunn, who not being able to escape as quickly as she wished, fairly turned round upon her adversary, and before he was aware, gave him a compliment on the left eye that made it burn and shed tears at the same time. She did not, however, escape with impunity, for he, as if he had known where she was most vulnerable, seized her wig, and in a twinkling she was bereft of all the visible honours of her head, which honours he dashed from him with such good effect that they alighted directly on the German's open mouth, who, with a volley of oaths, sent them back, hair, cap, pins, and combs, to the place from whence they

came. His aim, however, was not so well taken as it might have been, for instead of striking Monsieur, the head dress saluted the rosy cheek of the bride, who was begging Dunn to be quiet, and had endeavoured to take hold of her hand.

“ It was not possible that Mr. Twig could see this with patience! Cupid or Hymen, or some other divinity, celestial or terrestrial, or infernal, fired his already combustible bosom, and seizing the German by the collar with one hand, he bestowed on him a hearty drubbing with the other.

When once the torch of discord is thrown among mortals, we who have witnessed the events of the last twenty years, and the disastrous consequences of a war, undertaken against the liberties of the human race, for the sake of gratifying the pride and cruelty of some individuals, and filling the pockets of others, know by fatal experience, how difficult it is to repress the mischief! and we know oot,

that experience of its effects does not make us wiser. Our readers then will not be astonished, that though many of those present at Doctor Twentymen's must have before proved the consequences of broils and affrays, they still rashly entered into this between Dunn and the Frenchman. In truth, the battle soon became general, and the ladies, inspired with glory, and detestation of the monster, who could attack a woman, fell *en masse* upon the culprit, who was lucky enough to get his back against a wall, and from this point he defended himself with admirable dexterity, and dealt his blows around with considerable effect, while his gentle opponents impeded and crushed each other in their endeavours to reach him.

During this action in one corner of the room the German, the Irishman, and two or three who joined them, because they were ashamed to see two set upon by so many, maintained a furious contest

against Broadhead, Twig, and a host of friends, and feats of valor were that night performed, that would immortalize any pen hardy enough to celebrate them as they ought to be celebrated. This we confess to be above our powers, we shall only slightly sketch the outline of these deathless deeds.

Mr. Patrick O'Fuzz, who with the true gallantry of his nation, over emulous of broils and broken heads, had stepped forward to the assistance of the other stranger, was not like Monsieur Dandrif, lucky enough to secure so strong a position as to prevent the enemy from taking him in the rear; but he did all human skill can do! he turned existing circumstances to the best account, and snatching up a chair that some friendly deity had placed within his reach, he made so able a defence with it, that more than one was fain to retreat from before him.

Among the rest that son of Apollo,

whose melodious notes had inspired the whole company ere while with harmonious feelings, and simultaneous motion, by name Zedekiah Dullkit, and by trade a patten-maker, advanced to the support of the household, from which he had received many comfortable emoluments ; and inflamed with courage that set all selfish feelings at defiance and proved him a worthy disciple of Apollo and Vulcan, he flew upon Mr. O'Fuzz, in that quarter where least resistance was likely to be made. In making this gallant attack, however, Mr. Dullkit had not recollect ed that the said noble O'Fuzz was amusing his assailants by wheeling round with considerable rapidity, *en pirouette*, as the French would call it, with the chair in his hand, nor did he perceive that Solomon Lickdust was laid prostrate by the collision of the said chair, or one foot of it, with his temples ; and that Richard Brushwell, had from the same cause retreated with a nose weeping

blood, and almost laid flat with his face: these things, with sundry others of a similar nature, were, in his ardor, unperceived by Mr. Dullkit, and when on the very point of assaulting the rear of Mr. O'Fuzz, he himself was treated with a blow across his jaw-bone, that demolished the only three teeth he had left on that side. This, however, was not the worst! his violin, the harmonizing and moving companion of the last ten years! his violin, that he gave five shillings and sixpence for at an auction, when it had but one string, no bridge, and besides, had been cracked by the destructive toe of ignorance! his violin, that was endeared to him by its very defects, which he had himself repaired, and attuned! his violin yielding to the common fate, was jerked from his hand, and in less than five minutes trampled to death by the allied troops. But even this misfortune admitted of increase, great as it was. His son Nehemiah, whom he had educated in the same liberal

arts he himself was immortalized by in **H**—, following his gallant father's example, in advancing in aid of the cause of legitimacy, had raised his tambourine to guard his revered parent's head. The moment was unpropitious! O'Fuzz dashed the foot of the chair through the centre of the skin-covered machine, and bore it from the hands of the owner in triumph. The **Dullkits**, in sympathetic despair, uttered a cry of agony, that might have moved bowels of iron, and shaken nerves of brass! their own music was nothing to it! but it now passed unregarded, and they were fain to retire from the field of their former glory, chop fallen, into a corner, where Nehemiah, with filial tenderness, wiped the blood from his father's mouth, and collected the wrecks of his teeth, to be kept as heir-looms in the **Dullkit** family, from generation to generation, in remembrance of that awful fight.

In the meanwhile, feats no less memo-

table had been performed in other quarters, and the combatants had by degrees armed themselves with such missiles as came in their way; *videlicet*, pieces of chairs, broken for the purpose, poker and tongs, snuffer and candlestick, in short, matters began to assume a very serious aspect! French, German, Irish, English, swore and shouted, according to the most approved methods of their respective nations. Eyes closed, noses bled, jaws cracked, stomachs sounded, limbs shook. Women screamed in all the various tones the sweet female voice is susceptible of, and the watchman bawled and rattled at the door in vain.

Things were in this situation when the door opened, and Doctor Twentymen, armed with a cutlass, and a candle in his other hand, appeared. The first person who perceived him was Mr. Twig, who had slipped from the combat in one quarter, to aid his bride, almost pressed to death in the female squadron: he had

just extricated her, and was leading her, half stripped, to a seat, when he saw his master appear, and with a skill and dexterity that cannot be too highly commended, he contrived to glide through the door with her unperceived, and left the rest of the company to make the best of it.

Mr. Twig had scarcely made his exit, when the whole party were quieted at once by the sight of the Doctor, who was now joined by Haverill; and every one was bent on effecting his retreat, rather than on collecting the remnants belonging to him. But this the Doctor opposed, he insisted on knowing how this affair began, and said his forgiveness could be obtained, only by a free and a full confession. For some time there was a dead silence, but at last Mrs. Sweetapple, with scarcely a whole rag upon her, and with twenty marks on her face, advanced, and said, it was all owing to a French gentleman having assaulted Mrs. Dunn.

The Doctor cast his eyes on Dunn, who stood bereft of every borrowed grace, her eyes black, her nose bloody, and her face swollen, and said drily, that such a fellow deserved no mercy! but as no one should be condemned unheard, he desired Monsieur to stand forth.

The Frenchman, with the most abject air, then advanced, and declared, that the lady had struck him first, and that till he was set upon by the whole company he had not meddled with any body. To this the Doctor replied, that there must have been some strong and very uncommon provocation, to induce so mild a creature as Mrs. Dunn to strike him, and advised him for the future not to provoke the ladies by any impropriety. Upon this Monsieur protested, that he had not said a word a princess could be offended at, and the whole company, who knew nothing of the original quarrel, began to wonder what had passed. All would have ended here, for the fe-

males were sneaking off, but Dunn could not bear to hear the Frenchman's protestations, and bursting into a fresh agony of tears she said, he told nothing but lies, for he had bid her p—ss the ball-room. At this every body laughed except the Frenchman, who declared she would do so, and Doctor Twentymen dismissed the assembly with a severe reprimand, for making so bad an use of the indulgence accorded to them. He saw the company fairly out of the house, the doors locked, and the fires put out, and surveying the field of battle he could not help moralizing on the fatality attendant on all human events, the mistake of a single word having, he conceived, converted what he intended for the pleasure and recreation of his family into a scene of confusion and bloodshed. "But it will keep them all humble I fancy for some time," said he, "and as they will never expect another indulgence of the kind, it will come upon them the

next time with double effect. I saw nothing of **Twig**! I fancy the fellow was wise enough to carry off his prize without waiting for the ceremonies usual on such occasions, and I highly commend him. I hope he won't look on this as a bad omen for his future felicity! if he does, I must turn interpreter."

When all was secure the two gentlemen retired to their rooms, where they were soon asleep again, and the Doctor hoped his females would ere long be so too; but in this he was deceived, for **Mrs. Sweetapple** could not forgive **Dunn**, much as she had suffered, for having given occasion to the squabble, and most of all for depriving her of the pleasure of undressing the bride and putting her to bed. Not a servant had, before this time, been married in the house, without **Mrs. Sweetapple's** due attendance, and the performance of certain rites to insure the future happiness of the parties, and the good woman even

felt a little angry that Mrs. Twig had not waited for her this evening. But all her anger fell upon Dunn, who had unwarily run to her room, to shelter herself in the general retreat, and she had now to bear the baiting of three enraged women, who had lost the greatest pleasure of the day ; she did not fail to answer with all the volubility she was mistress of, and at last she dashed down the basin in which Mrs. Sweetapple was washing her hands, and left them : she had, however, neglected to secure a light, and after creeping about the passage for some time, at last found her room, where she was obliged to go to bed, and wait for day light, to do away the ill effects of the adventures of the night.

## CHAP. XXII.

*The Dullkits, or a Lesson for Wives.—The Doctor's good Heart.*

NOTHING could well be more sad or humble than the appearance of Doctor Twentymen's household on the morning after the wedding ; with the exception of the happy couple, there was not a servant without a swollen or scratched face, or a black eye, and when Dunn entered her mistress's room she could hardly be known, so severely had she suffered in the field of Mars. The account she gave of the fracas amused Anarella exceedingly, especially when she added, that she always hated the French, and thought it an illdecent language ; and now she was more than ever convinced of it. Mrs. St. Arno advised her, by all means, to

forbear speaking while she remained in the house, and comforted her by saying it would not be long. She then gave her a proper reprimand for her indecent violence, and assured her, that if she again committed such a folly, she must consider it as her own dismissal. Poor Dunn was quite humbled, but with tears she protested, that she believed an evil spell was over her, and that it was all owing to the Devil, who had begun his tricks going to Pont-y-V——, and would never leave off till he had her to himself.

The Doctor visited the field of action as he came down stairs, and perceiving the miserable wrecks of Mr. Dullkitt's violin, and his son's tambourine, he immediately imagined the distress that must pervade the family of the Dulkitts, for the loss of these divine instruments, and he determined to call in at the shop while he was making his round, and administer such consolation as he found most needful. In pursuance of his intention he

passed down Gutter Lane, and arrived before the little window of Mr. Dullkitt's shop in time to witness the conclusion of a scene of matrimonial consolation ; and as it may be of use as an example to the fair sex, or a warning to our own, we shall arrest the progress of our history, and give some idea of it to the reader.

Mrs. Dullkit was a tall, white-faced, sharp-nosed woman, who had brought her husband a fortune of fifty pounds, and a family of thirteen children, seven of whom, by the blessing of God and good nursing, were quietly deposited in their last homes, and the other six remained to comfort their afflicted parents. When her husband returned home the preceding evening, he had found Mrs. Dullkitt finishing a wash of her children's rags, and she hailed him as he entered with, " Well, Zedekiah, this here junketting at the Doctor's was a high bit of luck, for these here little bare-a—d brats must have a kiver for their nakedness !

I've clouted this here till I can clout no longer, so if you's gotten the brass, down with it, my man."

To this Mr. Dullkit made no reply, but a deep groan, and his wife lifting up her head, and perceiving the melancholy hue of his countenance, and the wounded state of his jaw, exclaimed, "Why, what the deuce is the matter now? What, you have been junketting at the Cat, have you, and spending the money as by right belongs to me and my children! Ah! you vile feller! I wishes with all my soul they'd a knocked your viddle about your sconce, I does, for going to them there blackguard places, when you can have sich genteel employ at all the balls in H——! and you dares to take the boy with you too, and make him as great a fool as his father!" so saying, Mrs. Dullkitt threw the rags she was wringing in his face; thus executing what she considered a just punishment

upon him, without waiting for his justification.

After about an hour's squabble, during which Zedekiah carefully concealed from his lady the melancholy fate of his musical treasures, informing her, however, of the other particulars of the fray, this happy couple retired to bed, the husband comforted by having his own forebodings of future banishment from the Doctor's house, made still more bitter and poignant by the wife's prophetic reproaches; and it was not till about a quarter of an hour before the good Doctor's visit, that the fatal loss of the instruments was communicated to complete her despair. Instead of the violence she had shown the preceding night, she now only whined forth a reproachful enumeration of every fault, real or imaginary, that Zedekiah had committed since his most happy and fortunate connexion with herself, closing every recital with, "and for all I brought you a fortin I did! a fortin would a fitted

me for a better match, and have a clouted my rags up, and made every thing go the vurdest, as though I'd not a shift to my back, but been owed to you, you blundering fool, for every thing ! yet at last my poor brats must go bare-a—d for their dad's sins ! I wish to my soul I'd never been married!"

" I wish so too !" groaned Zedekiah ; " but it can't be helped now."

" Can't be helped now ! aye, that's what you always go to fling in my teeth," continued Mrs. Dullkit, as if that was any thing agreeable ! Me that has borne you thirteen living babes, and as fine babes as ever sucked too, you old villain ! I wish to my soul I'd never been the mother on em !"

" I wish so too ! but it can't be helped now," said the husband.

" The more's the pity," continued the wife, " with your comfort ; but if it could, I fancy you'd do the like again, and not

care for the come on't. It's all joy and pleasure to you, forsooth, who has nothing to do but hammer the pattens, and play the viddle, as long as you had a viddle to play, you hard-hearted beast! never caring for me nor the children, as is your own!"

"The more's the pity! but it can't be helped now," groaned the suffering patten-maker, as he drove in a nail: "it's dood!"

"Dood! yes, and you'll be dood too, now as them there pattens is all gone out, and no gentlewoman will step in the streets of H—— with sich a thing as a patten. There's not a housemaid in H—— as ever puts one on, bar two! and the gentry has gived em over. It's a shame, it is! I suppose they'll go without shoes next, as all my poor babes will soon, and trust to their skin to keep em safe! You'd nothing was like to go on well in the world but your viddle, you

old beast ! and now you've goned and broked it to mash !"

" The more's the pity, but it can't be helped now," replied Zedekiah.

" And what good is that to me and the babes you begot, then," said Mrs. Dullkitt : " will your sneaking whining fill our bellies this winter, or buy us a bit of firing ? Is not all the people a starving as has any trade to live by, and was not the viddle the only thing as was paid for ? Then Nym's Dambreen was as good as another almost, and you must go thrust your fool's head into an Irishman's back-side, and get your teeth knocked out for your pains !"

" The more's the pity, but it can't be helped now !" said Zedekiah.

" No pity at all for that," said the lady, " if the poor viddle had not a suffered ! and you must leave it too to be burnt, instead of bringing it home with you ! but I'll have you go, I will, to the

house, and bring it back, and try to stick it together again ! and if it is not so good, mayhap it may make a noise."

" Never," said Zedekiah, " it's dood for ! it have gived its last squeak."

" Aye, and if it had a been your last squeak, it would have a been no matter, you old fool!" said his wife ; but here you sits, thump, thump, and cares for nothing ! No, no, all the fault's along of you, and you cares for nothing so long as you've a tender wife for to comfort you."

" The more's the pity, but it can't be helped now," groaned Zedekiah.

" Yes, it may be helped now ;" returned she, mistaking her husband's application of his favorite phrase, " it may be helped now, and I'll have you go, I will, and vetch it home."

" I never dare do that," said Dulkitt, " the Doctor would see me."

" Well, and what of that ?" returned his wife, " if he did, and gived you a

good drubbing to boot, I should not be sorry, you cowardly feller."

"I'm not a coward, you long-tongued plague!" said Dullkitt; "I defy any man to say that!" and at the same time he gave his work a tremendous thump with his hammer.

"Yes, but you are," said she, and I could thresh you myself."

"You'd better try," said Dullkit, "you may be think you are as strong in the hand as the tongue."

There was something in Zedekiah's manner of saying this that suddenly inflamed his tender mate, who had reigned so many years unmolested, that she never expected her husband would have dared to hint at opposition in any shape, and with a precipitancy inexcusable at her years, she lifted up her hand against her liege lord, and saluted his already wounded and swollen jaw with a blow that tingled through his frame, accompanied with an address of "Take that and try,

you sneak, you! and give it me back, if you dare!"

Could Mrs. Dullkitt have foreseen the consequences of this rash act, she would have burnt her fingers to the bone, rather than have committed it; but like other tyrants she expected that, because her slave had not hitherto openly resisted her, he would continue to bear the effects of her most wanton cruelty! she forgot, or perhaps, as she was no philosopher she never knew, that there is a point of resistance at which the ball must necessarily rebound. It did so now, and she received from the bare hand of her husband a chastisement, that would have made a certain great man, if he had witnessed it, have envied Zedekiah's happiness in applying it. It has been long ago observed, by we forget whom, that there is no accounting for tastes, and we cannot ourselves discover the delight of that amusement, which, from being too freely and promiscuously indulged in, removed the

hero in question from that rock where he had founded his habitation ! but to return. The astonishment Mrs. Dullkitt was in for a time deprived her of the power of utterance, and gave her husband an opportunity of telling her, that in future, whenever she took upon herself to speak to him, as she had hitherto done, he would treat her with the same exercise ; and having so said, he resumed his work, wondering at his own temerity, and hardly crediting his own senses.

It was at this moment of the triumph of legitimacy, that Doctor Twentymen, who had unperceived heard all that passed, advanced into the shop, and occasioned Zedekiah to start from his seat, and his wife to wipe her fast flowing eyes : poor Nym too vanished into a corner, and the rest of the children crowded about their mother. Instead of the vituperative address that Zedekiah expected, the Doctor, who with difficulty restrained his laughter, said, " So you were in the

battle last night, **Dullkitt** ! I came to see whether you were a dead man or not, and I think I never saw you look so brisk. **Aye aye** ! well that's as it should be, my man ! but let me advise you not to thrust your head again into such broils."

" **So I** tells him, **Sir**,"—cried Mrs. **Dullkitt**, forgetting herself ; but her husband looked at her, and she was silent.

" **Oh, I** dare say, he'll remember it," said the **Doctor**.

" **Yes, Sir**, it can't be helped now !" said **Zedekiah**, " **I** shall remember it, and so will wife too. The worst is, **Sir**, I have lost the sweetest viddle as ever was scraped by man, woman, or child, **Sir** ! a viddle, **Sir**, has played to the first nobility and gentry in **H**—— and the sinity, and **I** shall be much obliged, **Sir**, if **Sir**, you will let me come and pick up its chips, and so as **I** may stick they together again, for it was my strong hold, **Sir**, and **I**'m terrible poor, **Sir**, seeing the ladies won't

walk in pattens, not in the worst of weathers."

"Aye! Aye!" cried the Doctor, "you may come! come when you leave off work to night! you shall have all that remains, and here, here's pay for your music last night! I suppose they forgot that," at the same time putting two dollars in his hand, which was twice his charge.

"And my Dambreen father," said Nym, "may not I go and vetch it off too?"

"Yes! you may come too, Nehemiah," said the Doctor, "and here's your pay!" Nehemiah received the Doctor's bounty and his gracious permission with a bow down to the ground, pulling his hair for lack of a hat on the occasion, and the Doctor walked from their house to a music shop, where he purchased a most gallant looking violin, and ordered the tambourine to be repaired; and arrived

at home time enough to receive Mr. Dullkitt's visit, who examined the remains of his dear fiddle with a despairing groan, and tied them as carefully up in his apron as if they had been a treasure. When he had secured all, the Doctor produced the new instrument, which he told him he presented to him in remembrance of the manly prowess he had exhibited within the last forty-eight hours, and the poor man stood struck with joy and surprise, his mouth and eyes open, and his fingers touching the instrument, as if doubting whether it was more than a shadow. At last, overcome with delight and the raptures none but the true musician can know, he snatched the fiddle-stick and played, "My wife's a fool, and I'm the lord," with a degree of energy that surprised all those who had previously known how much Mr. Dullkitt had lived under petticoat government. The Doctor, who was in the secret, enjoyed the scene amazingly, and bidding Nehemiah take his tambourine to

be repaired, dismissed them both. As a proof, however, how little it is in the power of one man to satisfy another, Nehemiah grumbled that the Doctor had not given him a new instrument as well as his father, and when he got home his mother told him that it was a shame he had not: his father consoled him by repairing the old fiddle in such a way that it yielded a sort of groaning noise, and we doubt not that in time the son became as eminent a performer, and as immortal a musician as the family of the Dullkits ever produced.

## CHAP. XXIII.

*The Consequences of tête-à-tête Conversations,—and  
a Farewell to the Greenhouse.*

A FEW days passed over at Doctor Twentymen's in so agreeable a manner for the parties concerned, that time seemed to have redoubled his nimblest pace, and the pleasure they all enjoyed was interrupted only by the necessity of a separation.

Mrs. St. Arno had fixed the day of her departure for the Tuesday in the subsequent week, and as the weather was tolerably fine for the season, she rode out every day, in order to render her the better able to bear her journey. She pitied Dunn, whose adventures had made her very far from well, and as Anarella derived more advantage from walking, the kind hearted old woman, would not accept her offer of riding out with her; she took Dunn instead. "Enjoy your walk,

my dear Anarella," said she, " and leave me to the care of Dunn ; the poor creature is for some reason or other, scouted by the servants here, and besides, should she continue sick, it may be a serious inconvenience to us ; I will then take her out with me, and leave you to the guidance and care of Haverill, who will not leave you alone, I dare say. I see that the idea of our departure gives him more concern than I could have imagined ! but that young man has a tender and a grateful heart, as well as a fine understanding ! I am myself sorry to part from him ! I shall miss him exceedingly ; his conversation will be a serious loss to me."

" And to me too I'm sure !" said Anarella. " I can't think what it is that makes him so different to other men, so superior to them ! I think it is his perfect freedom from self-conceit and pretension of any kind. Like ourselves he has seen a variety of countries ; but I never heard him obtrude any observation upon his

neighbours, or exhibit his own information at the expence of other people's feelings: and yet no man can be more ready to impart what he knows. He is not a learned man, but he is perfectly well read too ! he is more agreeable than most learned men are, and his taste in the fine arts and poetry is exquisite. I dare say he could sing once ! and should he ever live to be happy, perhaps he may sing again ! I should like to sing my favorite 'Ah per-dona,' with him ! there is a soft gentle tenderness in his voice when he speaks, that makes me think he would sing enchantingly."

"Sorrow gives that manner you speak of, my love," said Mrs. St. Arno, "and I think since the unpleasant things that happened to us at Rhanellyn, you have yourself contracted that plaintive tenderness of manner that speaks a mind not at ease. That is one reason, my Anarella, why I wish to move ! change of place will do you good, and time now gets on ; I want

to see Skin, and have the packet, which will probably have arrived by the time we reach town. Should what we were led to expect have taken place, decency will require a short seclusion, and we shall likewise probably have some unpleasant things to oppose. But, my sweet child, don't let these things weigh upon your mind, as I fear they are inclined to do ; keep up your spirits, and to avoid your own affairs and your own reflections while we are here, enjoy as much of the conversation of others as you can."

Anarella sighed, and obeyed her aunt's injunctions, little guessing any more than that kind relative, that the source of her present sighs, and plaintive tenderness of manner, had been Haverill's society, and that every hour she passed in it, rendered the evil a hundred times more serious. While her aunt was turning a deaf ear to Dunn's unmeaning chatter, she was listening with exquisite pleasure to Mr. Haverill's conversation, sharing his pains,

anticipating his pleasures, learning his sentiments, or imparting her own. She so well understood every turn of his eye, and change of his countenance, and involuntarily replied to each with her own glances, that any stranger would have said there was but one soul between them ; and we cannot but wonder ourselves at the blindness of Mrs. St. Arno and the Doctor, who probably were prevented from having any suspicion of the kind, by knowing that Haverill was a married man. This it was that rendered Anarella secure in the nature of her preference for him. She called him her brother and her friend, and would have hated herself if she had imagined that she loved him as a man whose society was indispensable to her happiness. Poor Anarella ! thousands have been in the same unfortunate situation, without, like her, having fixed their affections on a man of honour and principle. Poor Anarella ! she drank deep of the cup of delight, nor perceived the scorpion at

the bottom, till she felt its sting ! But we must not anticipate.

The week passed over in this manner, without any remarkable occurrence, Mrs. St. Arno, glad to see her niece enjoyed walking exercise on the terrace, and herself deriving great advantage from her rides ; though for the last two or three days, she said she grew a little timorous, as when she came to a certain part of the road, she had more than once seen two men, who came from a wooded lane, and after looking at the carriage, returned. The Doctor said he imagined they were expecting somebody, and were probably sent to meet the carriage ; the lane, she mentioned, leading to more than one family residence. “ Depend upon it, they are not robbers,” said he, “ if they had, they would have visited you the first time.” The dreaded Monday which preceded Mrs. St. Arno’s departure at last arrived, and the Doctor, who was obliged to visit a patient at some distance from H—,

proposed, that Mrs. St. Arno should give him a place in her carriage, and the pleasure of her company, and they set off immediately after breakfast. As to Haverill, he was particularly solicitous to conceal the nature of his emotions from Anarella, and if he had been wise, he would have avoided her ; but the idea of losing her sweet society, and the uncertainty of when he might again enjoy it, whether if at all ! made him brave the danger of a premature discovery. He however determined that this should be the last indulgence, and that he would not see her again after this separation, till he could love her without reproach.

He stood with her in the library window to watch the Doctor leading Mrs. St. Arno to the carriage ; and when that drove away, he placed a chair for her by the fire, and himself sat down by her. Contrary to his usual custom, he was silent, and sat with his eyes fixed on the ring that he had given her before their last

separation. Anarella saw the direction of his eye, and fancied that he was reflecting on the horrid circumstances of that dreadful night, so covering her left hand with her right, she said, “ My good fratello, I must keep my gloves on, if the sight of this to me most valuable present, conjures up such dark fancies as cloud your brow, and do away that peace and composure my aunt and myself imagined we saw returning. Take my advice, Mr. Haverill, never think any more of Rose Cottage, unless it is to bring our enemies to justice.”

“ How can I help thinking of it, my dearest Miss St. Arno,” replied Haverill, “ how can I forget that I there received a second existence ! that I there learnt to value two beings such as I could not expect to find, because I did not know such existed ! that I was there valued in my turn ! so I flattered myself.”

“ Not at all,” replied Anarella, “ for I think we, on our parts, have shewn how

highly we valued you ; so there is no flattery in the case, and as long as you think only of the agreeable, it is all very well ; but you look so much more plaintive than usual, that I was afraid the disagreeable part had fixed its fangs on your imagination. To be sure, we were in a most painful situation when you put this ring on my finger ! will you excuse my curiosity, but I should like to know if it was ever Lady Letitia's?"

" Never ! never !" said Haverill, " if her polluted hand had worn it, I would have dashed it from me, and died rather than offer it to you. No, my dear sister, the two rings I gave you were ordered for her, and with this miniature, I intended to have given them to her, on the dreadful night of our fatal union. They were brought home as I stepped into the carriage that conveyed me to Lord Barber-town's, and I did not recollect having them in my pocket till Twentymen gave the case to me, just before I set out for Pont-y-V——. The miniature," continued he,

placing it in Anarella's hand, " was done abroad, and I thought it might gratify Lady Letitia to see that I was attentive to these usual forms. Do you think it like me?"

" It is younger than you," replied Anarella, " and has a different expression of countenance to that I am accustomed to observe in you. The fact is, the miniature has not sympathized in the sufferings of the original ; the features are certainly like, but the picture does not think."

" Happy picture!" said Haverill, with a sigh, " thought is the bane of life!"

" It is likewise the blessing of existence," said Anarella, " and has lately constituted all our pleasures in this family ; for if we had no thought or reflection, conversation would be at an end ; and that has literally been our only amusement at H—. No thought ! why Haverill, if we had no thought, we should never know the delight of contributing to the felicity of others, or of feeling love to them for their love to us."

“ Very true,” said Haverill, gazing on her, while she sat with her eyes fixed on the miniature, “ very true, if I had no thought, I could not enjoy the exquisite pleasure I now do! if I had no reflection, the moment of your departure would deprive me of you for ever !” Then, as if aware of the danger of his situation, he started from his chair, and paced the room in the greatest agitation.

Anarella was herself startled by the singularity of his manner ; but she had seen him at Rose Cottage in as great emotion, and she attributed all this to her mention of Lady Letitia ; wondering, at the same time, that Haverill should be so much more complimentary than usual : but she had seen other paroxysms pass, and she supposed this would, so she remained silent, and continued to look at the picture.

After a little while, Haverill sat down again, and leaning his arm on the back of her chair, he looked at the miniature over her shoulder. “ You are a judge of

painting," said he, in a voice that betrayed his emotion, " what do you think of that?"

" It is well painted," replied Anarella, glad to see him composed again, " but the more I look at it, the less it resembles you. There is a something wanting---a mind---and yet, there is mind and animation too: but certainly I think I could paint a miniature more like you than this."

" Could you?" said Haverill; but he did not dare to finish the sentence, and the impression this " could you," left on Anarella's mind, was a doubt of her power to perform what she said.

" I think I could, replied she, " I took a very good likeness of my aunt, and to oblige her, of myself: she will shew it to you, I dare say, and you will judge whether I succeeded or not. Why did you never shew this to us before?"

" I never thought of it," said Haverill.

Anarella looked round at him, and said, with a smile of compassion, " I fear this sort of conversation gives you pain; my

aunt would, I know, like to see the picture, so I will shew it to her when we are alone to-night, and return it before we go to-morrow. Do you give me leave?" added she, holding the picture up playfully in her hand.

"Certainly," said Haverill, "to dispose of it as you please."

Anarella then put it into her pocket, and observed that it was now very fine. "I must take leave of the terrace, and my favourites in the green-house," said she, "and yet I don't like much taking leave even of inanimate things; but this sunshine is tempting, too." So saying, she put on her shawl and bonnet, and Haverill accompanied her to their usual walk.

"I think it was in this room you were found senseless, my dear Miss St. Arno," said he, as he held the door open for her to quit the library.

"Yes! I fell by that window," said she. "I was half worn out with painful anxiety for my dear aunt, and my nerves were

shaken. I saw them lift you, dead as I supposed, from the carriage, and the sudden shock overcame me: I am not accustomed to faint, though, I assure you."

While Anarella was saying this, she was leaning on Haverill's arm, and he involuntarily pressed her hand to his side; it was a moment of happiness to him, and his step became firmer, and his countenance almost triumphant: but he did not trust himself to speak; to have made his affection visible, would have been to lose Anarella for ever. They walked on in silence to the green-house, and Anarella talked about the plants, without at first observing that Haverill made no reply; but his silence continuing, she turned to him, and said, "I'm so fond of my nurslings, that I forget every body else is not pleased with such trifles; I see I am tiring you; see, I must just move this geranium; it is one I found nearly dead, and I have kept it alive by constant care. I think I must call it the Haverill," said she, "for

it is very like you ; one day I despair of its recovery, it seems to love to die —and the next, I have no more apprehension for it ; it is a changeable creature."

" How is it to-day ?" said Haverill.

" Why, to-day," replied Anarella, looking first at the plant, and then at Haverill, " to-day, I don't know what to make of it ! I believe it does not like to be left."

" It must be the Haverill then," replied he ; " and when you are gone I will supply your place, and see that the gardener does not neglect it. Should the season prove favourable you may see it again, perhaps ! but a frost may *end* it!"

There was something so mournful in Haverill's voice, as he pronounced the concluding words, that Anarella could not doubt his application of them to himself, and she was touched with them.

“ At least,” said she, “ there is no frost will make its friends forgetful!”

While uttering this, Anarella was reaching a plant that stood a little behind, and Haverill had put out his hand to assist her: by some awkwardness, probably the shaking of his hand, the plant was thrown down, and when he apologized for having occasioned the accident, she said, “ Aye! you had better let me alone, Haverill, I do best by myself!”

“ If I had two hands at liberty you should not say so,” replied he, “ but now, unhappily, I am *tied*.”

Spite of Haverill’s caution and resolution there was something in the tone of his voice, that seemed to indicate more than met the ear, and Anarella blushed, though she did not know why she should blush, since it was literally true that Haverill’s left arm was in a sling. The wrecks, however, of the broken pot were

collected by the mutual efforts of these lovers, for such they were, and in stooping their faces came rather rudely in contact with each other.

Anarella blushed still deeper than before, and said, "Remember, Haverill, you are *tied*, and leave me to set this affair right by myself."

Haverill sighed, and turned away, for he was somehow inclined to be superstitious, and to consider this as a bad omen for his future plans of felicity; but recovering himself, he closed the door of the green-house, and again giving his arm to Anarella they renewed their walk. They continued to walk during three quarters of an hour at least, and Haverill, whose heart was full, found that silence would betray him if speech did not; he suddenly then interrupted Anarella in some observation she was making, and said, "I have an inclination, my dear Miss St. Arno, to live over again the three weeks at Rose Cottage, from the

first hour of my revival to a state of sensibility, to that when I parted from you without the hope of meeting again so soon. Now you shall see whether I have an accurate memory or not! I don't think any conversation passed there of which I cannot tell you most of the particulars, and if I am wrong, you shall set me right."

"Agreed," said Anarella. "I boast of my memory too sometimes, and I have no objection to enter it against your's."

This subject then, the only one upon which Haverill could expatiate with pleasure, because in it alone was Anarella concerned, supplied them with conversation during their walk, and Anarella was surprised to find that Haverill remembered minute circumstances and observations of her's that she had herself forgotten. Nay, he could tell what parts of what authors they had read on certain days, and he described her own conduct to her, on the night of the attack, in a

way that shewed what a deep and favorable impression it had made on him. "I told you then, dear sister in adversity! that I never could forget your noble behavior, and the longer I think of it, the deeper is the impression it makes. Your solicitude too for me—but that I dare not touch on—no! I must be silent! imperious necessity compels me to—to—to forbear speaking on the subject!"

As Haverill said this, Anarella raised her eyes to his, wondering at the extraordinary emotion he uttered them with, and what the imperious necessity could be, that forbid his talking about Rose Cottage, and her conduct there. She saw the tears coursing each other in large drops down his cheeks, his color heightened, his lips trembling, and she felt her arm and hand pressed, even till the pressure pained her! but she conceived, as really was the case, that this was involuntary, and proceeding from what she thought a feverish agitation,

occasioned by walking too long. Her heart bled for Haverill, for she saw he was unhappy, and stopping, she said,

“ You have overwalked yourself to-day! let us go in! I think I never saw you more agitated, it must be from fatigue, and indeed you have been out a great deal longer than is prudent. The Doctor won’t sing the praises of your terrace walks as he has done, if you have such attacks of fever as this.”

The sincerity of Anarella’s manner assured Haverill that his secret was yet safe, and it served to compose him.

“ You are right, my dear Miss St. Arno! I am feverish,” said he; “ but I should have been more so, perhaps, if I had staid in the house. I must not have my walks on the terrace blamed, for the very first day I came out was the first of very visible amendment, and every day in your absence I shall renew the pleasure our promenades here have given me, by

walking at the same hour, and by reflection."

They then returned to the library, and while they pull off their walking dresses, we shall conclude our chapter.

## CHAP. XXIV.

*Which we trust none will read without deep Interest.*

H<sub>A</sub>VERILL dreaded to alarm Anarella, but he had not resolution to leave her, he feared her quick penetration might see what he imagined was but too visible, love in his eyes; and in order to avoid exposing his face to her observation, he again placed his chair by her's, and laid his right arm over the back of it, while she looked at the County Chronicle that was just come in. Her eye soon fell on a paragraph, copied from a morning paper, couched in these terms :

“ We hear that Lady L— H—, whose singular adventures have lately become the topic of fashionable circles, is determined to add to the pleasure of her ac-

quaintance by new incidents. She is said to be now consoling herself for the absence of a young husband, by an excursion into —shire, with a certain *hardware-man*, with whom she has been in the habit of dealing yearly. Whether this will produce an heir to the family of H—, or there will be another m—r will probably be seen in the course of a few months. N. B. The hardwareman is said to have contrived to get evidence against his wife. The question is, if he should slip her, whether Lady L— H— might be set free to make a M—s, or whether a certain young lady, who is reported to have given him (the hardwareman) two black eyes, in a late attempt after midnight, would forget the affair for the sake of a C—r—n—t."

Both Haverill and Anarella read this at the same time, but without speaking, and when Anarella saw the allusion to what had happened to herself, she let the paper fall, and clasping her hands

said, “ Gracious power! who could know that?”

Haverill, whose first sensation was joy, had started from his chair at the happy intelligence, that his wife was again with Hardenbrass, he was uttering an exclamation of triumph, and ready to claim Anarella for his own, when his feelings were suddenly checked by her exclamation. She sat fixed in astonishment, and he, repeating her words, said, “ Know *that*, dear Anarella! know *what*? Tell me, I entreat you—tell me—I recollect you turned pale, yes, pale as death, when Medley said he heard a woman scream! tell me then, if you value me, whether you are the person alluded to in that paragraph.”

Anarella was too much distressed to speak, she covered her face with her hands, and shook with agony.

“ I see it all,” said Haverill, “ the villain dared to insult purity like yours! would I had killed him! but he shall not

escape—I swear he shall not! by my dearest hopes of felicity he shall not escape! But how, best and most heroic of women! how were you delivered?"

"The Duke—the mad Duke!"—said Anarella, overwhelmed with confusion.

"Did he deliver you?" said Haverill, "thank Heaven! that pang then is spared me!"

Anarella would now have left the room, but Haverill detained her.

"I will not distress you, sweet injured woman," said he, "I will say no more! but do not leave me! stay with me I entreat you! your enemy is mine, and dearly shall he rue his diabolical plots!"

"I cannot stay with you," said Anarella, "if you utter such threats as those, Haverill. Never, I trust, will any steps be taken to revenge my cause; I was mercifully and providentially delivered, and I beg that you will never think of exposing your own valuable life again to that villain. They may take more sure

aim another time!" As Anarella finished speaking, she nearly sunk from agitation, and Haverill, putting his arm round her, was bearing her to a chair, when the door suddenly opened, and a lady entered and approached them. It was Lady Letitia.

Haverill uttered a groan when he perceived her, and Anarella who guessed who she was, sunk down upon a chair, where Haverill continued to support her. Lady Letitia placed her hand on a table on which she leaned; and looking steadfastly at Haverill, and the almost fainting Anarella, she said in a mournful voice, "Poor wretches! I see too plainly what ties bind you to each other! but I have no right to complain. Nay, hear me, Major Haverill, don't interrupt me, for my business is urgent, and I have not a moment to lose: I came to shew you, that the Letitia who threw herself upon your honor and your humanity! whom you cruelly forsook, is not lost to all sense

of rectitude. I asked you, it was all I could ask, concealment for my shame! I told you life and dishonor I could not bear, and well might you have imagined, that she who could see her new born babe severed limb from limb by its devilish father, and burnt, would have courage to bear even more in her own person, if that could be, to avoid the world's scorn. The foolish plot of marrying me to you, Major Haverill, never met with my own approbation, I always feared that it might prove what it has, the means of blazoning my dishonor! the villain who first ruined me was the author of it. I have however the means of a sweet revenge, and nothing but a long and painful illness has prevented me from taking it. Every step you have taken to procure redress is known to me, and to Hardenbrass, and if you took others, such as you might consider more effectual, you would be deceived! He buys all! even those you would most confide in. I

have long been near you, Major Haverill, but I should detest myself still worse than I do, if I could have an hostile thought towards you! I have injured you too much already. I come then to advise you, and I entreat you to take my advice! I come to warn you, that Hardenbrass waits only your removal hence, to prosecute a revenge upon you, from which you will not escape. His life is one of plots and villainies---but no matter---that will be seen. Stay where you are, Major Haverill---what can Field do for you? What can any person but myself do for you."

"That I well know, unhappy woman!" returned Haverill, "that I well know! and since I am doomed to be again blasted with the sight of you, let me entreat you to expiate your crimes by declaring *his!* come forward to accuse him---."

"Never!" said Lady Letitia, interrupting him, "I would die on the spot

first! I would see you, him, my father, all who have ever been dear to me torn asunder, rather than bear the look of the world! the scorn of the base born. No! Major Haverill! My reputation is destroyed, and the world is merry at my expence, but it shall never *see* me! it may mock, but it shall not watch the sufferings it occasions! I am now solicitous but for one thing! to prevent you, too generous and too confiding, from being involved in the ruin Hardenbrass prepares for you! stay here—till you hear from me again. If you escape this time, you may still enjoy life, for you have honor! you may still be happy! for you are not guilty!” Then looking at Anarella who lay almost fainting on Haverill’s shoulder, she said, “As to you, happy being! who have as if by miracle escaped his plots, and come off fair and spotless from his den of guilt! move not from that support, because, the wife who might claim that bosom as her resting place stands before

you! He who could fly from guilt will protect virtue! I pity your present sufferings! but what are they to mine? You have escaped! you have not lived in daily dread of exposure! You have not borne a mother's pains to see your infant murdered! you have not borne contempt! you have no need to blush in the presence of an injured husband! Then *you* are happy! A time may come when you shall no longer shrink from this guilty wife! when you shall no longer blush for your devotion to Major Haverill!"

These words supplied Anarella with momentary strength, and starting from her seat, she said, "Devotion! devotion to the husband of another! the very thought is pollution! No, Madam, an accidental circumstance—a paragraph!—Oh!" and she fainted away, without retaining the smallest sign of life!

Haverill forgot even Lady Letitia, when he saw Anarella in this state, he tried to raise her head, to rub her tem-

ples, he called for help, and exclaimed, "Dear beloved Anarella! life of my soul! Oh, revive my Anarella! Oh, bless me again with the sound of your voice!" but, Anarella was insensible to all, and Lady Letitia instead of assisting Haverill, stood looking at him with a countenance rather expressive of sorrow than of anger.

At last, she said ;

"If I hated you, Major Haverill, I should find my revenge in your present feelings! but I do not! Sickness has given me time for reflection, and I would rather do you good than evil! she will revive again! and in her sufferings at the bare thought of loving the husband of another, you have at the same time a proof of her affection, and her rectitude! may you be happy!" Then turning her head quickly round, she perceived the paper that Anarella had been reading, on the floor, and putting it hastily in her pocket, she left the room and the house.

The noise Haverill had made, brought

Mrs. Sweetapple to the assistance of Miss St. Arno, and restored him to a sense of what was due to the insensible girl and propriety! he no longer spoke, but he sat by the sopha where the housekeeper had laid her, and wept like a child. Mrs. Sweetapple had nursed Haverill through two illnesses and greatly admired him; on this occasion, she attempted to console him, by saying, that she was sure the young lady would be well in ten minutes, and all would be right again. "Law, Sir!" said she, "I don't wonder you do cry and take on, for she is the kindest young lady as ever entered a house, and I'm sure if the like had happened to you, she would have been the first to shew kindness, aye, and shed tears too for you! I always said, ever since the first I seed you together that I knowd you would be well nigh to fall in love with one another, if so be as you had not a wife already, for your eyes have just the same look with 'em, and I've said, twenty times as I seed

you a walking on the terrace, what a surprising likeness there was!"

And now Haverill perceiving that Anarella's recollection was returning, took the sal volatile from Mrs. Sweetapple, and said, that he would ring if Miss St. Arno wanted any help; and the sagacious housekeeper dropping a courtsey smiled to herself, and left the room, taking care not to shut the door after her, and much surprised that when Miss St. Arno wanted air, Haverill should immediately shut it himself.

## CHAP. XXV.

*What followed Lady Letitia's departure.—Anarella's noble resolution.*

To Haverill's great joy, Anarella recovered her recollection slowly without appearing much injured by her fall, and he continued to sit by her, without speaking to alarm her. The first word she breathed, rather than uttered, was his name, and this little incident, trifling as it was, filled him with delight. Still, however, he did not speak! he felt the difficulty of his situation with Anarella, the absolute impropriety of either concealing or avowing his passion for her, and he awaited with trembling anxiety to see what impression was left on her mind. At last she opened her eyes, and gazed vacantly at the door, as if she almost ex-

pected to see somebody there, but she closed them again, and said nothing. Haverill thought her first glance at himself would determine his fate, and he watched her countenance as if his life depended on it. She again spoke, but so indistinctly that Haverill could not tell what he said ; he thought it was the word *husband*, and he trembled. At length she opened her eyes, and for a moment fixed them on him ; then hiding her face she said, “ Oh Haverill ! leave me !”

Had Anarella said, “ Oh Haverill, *love me !*” she would not have made him half so happy as she did by this little *leave me* ; it told at the same time her love and her wish to conceal it, and he answered, “ My dear Miss St. Arno I *will* leave you ! I have but awaited the return of your senses, that I might be assured the presence of that unhappy guilty woman had not deprived me of your—sisterly affection ! You speak not,

dear sufferer, and I hail your silence as auspicious: I feel all the difficulty, delicacy of my situation! I feel all that is due to virtue and worth like yours! I feel with an anguish you cannot guess, the dreadful conviction that this must be the last time we meet—at least till you can see me without the painful recollection of—Lady Letitia! Believe me, dear sister of my soul! never have I admitted a thought, with respect to you, that could wound your delicacy or your integrity. Circumstances more trying, and perhaps more endearing than any other, have bound me to you, I confess it, with a cord that can never be severed; but feeling all the scruples a man of honour must feel—tied as I am, I had resolved, even if Lady Letitia had not alarmed your delicacy, that to-day should be the last on which I would enter your presence, till the dissolution of that fatal union should justify me in declaring that—I love you better than life."

Anarella started when Haverill spoke these last words, as much struck as if all he had previously said had not prepared her for it; but she only sighed deeply, she did not speak. Haverill continued.

“And now, Anarella, can you forgive me? can you pardon my temerity in making an avowal, that, under any other circumstances, would be an insult from a married man? Try to forgive me—the hope that you may do so, is the only hope that will now cheer me. Farewell, dear sister; if I ever again behold you, I trust it will be to claim another sort of affection, and to hail you by a sweeter title!” So saying, he impressed a fervent kiss on her hand that concealed her face, and rushed out of the room.

His address and departure roused Anarella. She wept with hysterical violence, and groaned aloud. But this soon abated, and she retained only the idea that they had parted for ever. When, however, she had a little recovered herself, she

felt grateful to him for quitting her, and sparing her the pain of a reply, and bitterly reproached herself with indulging a tenderness that had degraded her so much in her own eyes, and she thought certainly if he had seen it, in Haverill's. "Never could I have believed," said she to herself, "that I could have committed such a crime! but it shall be the business of my life to expiate it, and the care of every moment to check an inclination too fatally though innocently indulged. Oh! that I could this moment leave H—— and England for ever! Nothing but sorrows and mortifications have been my portion since I reached this island, and I shall carry from it a grief worse than all others, a guilty love!"

Having for some time indulged in these and similar reflections, Anarella recollected that her aunt would probably soon return, and being desirous to conceal from her till evening what had passed, she went to her own room, washed her eyes, and

made her dress proper for dinner. She longed to know what had become of Haverill, but she did not ask ; he had said he would meet her no more, and she did not doubt that he would keep his word. She then charged Dunn and Mrs. Sweetapple not to tell her aunt that she had been ill, as it would alarm her, and went to the drawing-room to await the return of the carriage. She took up a book, but she could not read ; she took her work, but she could not hold her needle ; and at last she threw herself on a sofa, and with difficulty preserved her composure till the return of her aunt and the Doctor. "What!" said the latter, as he entered the room, "all alone, Miss St. Arno? Why, I thought Haverill would have amused you while we were out."

"He was with me till I went to dress for dinner," replied Anarella, in a manner that was calculated not to raise any curiosity in the Doctor.

“ Oh ! well I suppose you enjoyed this fine morning on the terrace, and it has given you a fine color too ! I don’t know how you feel, ladies, but I want my dinner,” said the Doctor, ringing the bell, and inquiring if it was ready. It was almost immediately announced, and Anarella trembled when she heard the Doctor order Twig to tell Mr. Haverill that dinner was on the table. They, however, took their places, and Twig brought down Mr. Haverill’s compliments, and he was not very well, he begged to be excused coming down.

“ Why now, what’s the matter now ?” said the Doctor, looking at Anarella, “ was he ill when he left you, Miss St. Arno ?”

“ He did not seem quite well,” replied Anarella, emptying the salt-cellar into her plate. The moment she had done it, she exclaimed, “ Bless me !” and sat looking at the plate with the greatest distress.

"My dear, what have you done?" said her aunt, quite distressed; "I never saw you so careless in my life! you ought to apologize to the Doctor for the confusion you occasion."

"Indeed I'm very sorry," said Anarella, giving her plate to Twig, who stared with astonishment at seeing Miss St. Arno so unlike herself, and so *flabbergasted*, as he would have called it. As to Anarella, she felt that nothing but keeping perfectly quiet would enable her to stay in the room, and she said no more.

"Do, Miss St. Arno, send our poor friend a plate of the boiled chicken next you," said the Doctor; "I am quite vexed that he can't dine with us, for I know it will be a regret to him as long as he lives. The last day that you are here—but perhaps you will take compassion, Madam, and stay another week with us poor males! do, if you can."

Before Mrs. St. Arno could reply,

Anarella exclaimed, "Oh no! not for worlds!"

This a little discomposed the Doctor, who, for the first time in his life thought Anarella rude; but he said nothing, and Mrs. St. Arno, after a pause, thanked him with her usual sweetness of manner, but said, that urgent business made her journey absolutely necessary. The Doctor thought now he guessed what sort of business this was from Anarella's warmth, and he said, looking very arch, that if the urgent business concerned Miss St. Arno, he was content to part from them.

"It does very nearly concern her," returned her aunt.

"And is there a gentleman in the case?" asked the Doctor.

"Yes," replied Anarella, who was glad to set him on a wrong scent, "there is! and I could not consent to delay my journey a day!"

Mrs. St. Arno saw that something was the matter with her niece, and that she

was much agitated, but she asked no questions, and the dinner passed over most stupidly and uncomfortably, the Doctor trying to be jocose, Anarella to be composed, and her aunt to be cheerful.

But no sooner was the cloth removed, than the Doctor said he must beg the ladies to excuse him, as he was uneasy about Haverill, and they replied, that they themselves having some arrangements to make, would meet him in the drawing-room at tea. They then retired to their own room, where Anarella, glad to be once more at liberty, threw herself on the bed and wept freely. Mrs. St. Arno let the paroxysm pass, and when Anarella could speak, she said, "What can be the matter, my Anarella? what has happened since I went out? Haverill is sick, and you are unhappy! what has occasioned this?"

Anarella rose, fastened the door to prevent intruders, and then with as much composure of manner as she could, she

informed her aunt of what had passed respecting the paragraph, and of Lady Letitia's visit and address to herself. "What passed between her and Haverill further I know not," continued she, "for I was heart-struck; I fainted, and when I recovered I was lying on the sofa, and Mr. Haverill sitting by me. I hardly know what he said, my dear aunt, but it seemed to me to be an apology for having involuntarily given me his heart! He said, I think, all he could say: he promised never to intrude into my presence again. Alas! why was I not indifferent enough to him to hear this with composure! Oh! let us go, my dear aunt! I am a guilty creature; I felt, when I saw Lady Letitia, that I was so! Why did I not sooner see my danger! Let us go, my dear aunt, far from England, that I may have a chance of conquering this fatal affection."

"We will go wherever you please, my poor child," said Mrs. St. Arno, mingling

her tears with those of her niece ; “ the very wish to conquer so improper an attachment will half effect it. Alas ! my Anarella, how negligently blind have I been, not to foresee and prevent this ! I fear I have even contributed to increase it ; but regret is now too late ; all we can now do is to repress : and let me advise you, child, not to nurse any delusive hope, that a separation may ensue between Haverill and his wife ; I own myself I see no chance of it ; continue to consider him as he is, and probably will remain, the husband of another : think your love for him, what it is, a crime, and it will soon be conquered.”

“ It shall be conquered,” replied Anarella, weeping, “ it shall be conquered ! I could not live the guilty creature I felt myself in the presence of his wife ! My only consolation is, that Haverill knows not my weakness ; he doubtless attributed my fainting to fear, and my silence to

anger—thank God he does not despise me!"

" My heroic girl," said Mrs. St. Arno, " this I expected from you, and, thank Heaven, I am not deceived: you will soon find that rectitude of intention will restore peace to your bosom. We must proceed to London, and after staying a few days there, I have no objection to go to Paris. I think it will be best to do so. Travelling in our usual mode will do you more good than any thing, and the days will soon be increasing to a nice length. Courage, my Anarella, compose yourself to pass the evening with our good Doctor, whose curiosity I should be sorry to excite. I'm sure you may depend on Haverill's discretion."

This judicious conduct in Mrs. St. Arno had the happiest effect on Anarella, and the dread of rousing the Doctor's curiosity made her doubly watchful over herself. With a heart torn with anguish,

and a countenance calm almost to despair, she accompanied her aunt to the drawing-room; but before we bring the Doctor there to meet them, we must relate what passed between him and Haverill; — it will be found in the next chapter.

## CHAP. XXVI.

*The Doctor puzzled. — Anecdotes. — A friendly Resolution.*

WHEN Mr. Haverill quitted the library at Doctor Twentymen's to retreat to his own room, he felt as if the effort he had made was a final one, and as if life and Anarella were one and the same thing. Yet he did not die, which we attribute to the strength of his constitution, or perhaps to the consciousness that he was doing a right thing ; which of these preserved him we do not venture to say, or whether either of them, but so it was that he lived through the trial. We cannot, however, aver that he made any resolution to think no more of Anarella, for at present Lady Letitia even and her visit were forgotten, nothing but Miss St. Arno had a place in his thoughts. He walked up

and down his room at a pace that would have driven your Barclays and Wilsons, with all the famous pedestrians of the last twenty years, off the field, and at last was fain to lie down on his couch to recover his breath. There was he lying, his eyes fixed on a pair of steps at the side of his bed, as earnestly as if he was counting the threads in the carpet that covered them, and his hand on his forehead, as if he feared it would split in two, when Mr. Twig came to announce the appearance of dinner, and he returned the answer we have recorded. Mr. Twig no sooner left the room than he again relapsed into a reverie, from which the plate of chicken aroused him. It was brought by Mrs. Sweetapple herself, who began to lament that he should be so unfortunate as to be taken ill on the very day before the nice gentlefolks left. Haverill gave no answer, but rejected the food.

“ Law, Sir!” said Mrs. Sweetapple, “ and Miss cut it for you her own pretty

self! though for my part I wonder she was composed enough, for Mr. Twig say, she was flustered to day with her being so faint in the morning ; and would you believe it, Sir, she had the ill luck to empt a whole cellar of salt to herself. Poor young lady! I do hope no misfortune is a going to touch her, for she is a kind-hearted beautiful creature, she is ! and does not deserve that no such misfortune as a whole cellar of salt betokeneth should happen to her."

" I think I'll try to eat a little," said Haverill, " perhaps it may do me good."

" That it will," said Mrs. Sweetapple, " and you may think, Sir, that it is the last Miss St. Arno will have the pleasure to cut for you, this time of asking."

" Take it away," said Haverill, after swallowing a mouthful that he thought would have choked him, " I can't eat."

" Law! now, Sir, pray do now try a bit!" said the compassionate housekeeper; " why master an Miss and all will be

sorry, indeed, to find you won't eat when they send it to you. See here, Sir ! here is a nice bit from the breast! do now try!"

Haverill took the plate and tried again to eat, he swallowed a mouthful or two, and then begged to be left, as he wished to rest. It was with the greatest difficulty in the world that he could prevail on Mrs. Sweetapple to leave him ; she insisted upon it that he looked very ill, and ought to have somebody to stay with him : at last, however, he succeeded in banishing her, and soon after Doctor Twentymen came into the room.

" I should have come to you sooner, Haverill," said he, " but I could not leave my fair friends ; what is the matter with you now?"

" I have had an alarm, a fright," said Haverill, " and it has discomposed me. Lady Letitia has been here!" " Lady Letitia ! nay then I don't wonder you are ill ! the sight of your wife is enough to produce a fever ! what could she want?"

“ I hardly know !” replied Haverill, “ she said something about danger from that cursed villain ! and advised my not stirring from hence.”

“ But how the devil did she come here ?” said the Doctor.

“ I don’t know ,” said Haverill, “ she says she has been sick.”

“ Sick ! what the deuce ! she is not my patient at the Stag !” said the Doctor, “ it must be so ! how else did she know any thing about you being here ?

“ I don’t know ,” said Haverill.

“ Don’t know ! why how indifferently you speak , Haverill, one would think you cared nothing about her ,” said the Doctor.

“ I do ,” said Haverill with a groan.

“ Well ! I don’t say any more about her ,” replied the Doctor ; “ come let me feel your pulse ! I must give you a narcotic I fancy ! not less than a hundred and twenty I dare say. Umph ! no not quite so bad ! come ! come ! you must throw

this off and come down to tea ! our fair friends *will* leave us to-morrow, and you are too great a favorite with them to be allowed to be absent ! do you know I think I have perceived a little twinkling Cupid in the eye of that sweet Anarella ! the pretty creature is certainly in love !"

Here the Doctor paused, expecting that Haverill would express some surprise, but finding that he was perfectly silent he went on. "Perhaps it was Lady Letitia that frightened her ! something seems to have alarmed her." Still Haverill was silent.

"Did she see Lady Letitia ?" asked the Doctor.

"Yes—yes, she did !" said Haverill.

"It is odd she did not tell me so when I came in," said the Doctor, "it would have accounted for your illness."

Haverill gave no answer, he lay with his hand on his head, and was in truth almost insensible to all that passed. He felt as if his head would burst, and be-

gan himself to think that he should again be attacked by a fever on the brain. The Doctor was alarmed, he ceased to talk, for he found that Haverill was really ill, and he said only that he should wish to take some blood from him. Haverill made no objection, and the Doctor, who had always a lancet ready, without the ceremony of waiting for a surgeon, proceeded to operate. Haverill submitted that he might be the sooner left alone, and when the Doctor had done he departed. As to his poor patient he remained alone, and in a state of misery and depression, that had no ray of hope to cheer him, but the very slight one, that Anarella, though unconscious of it herself, loved him.

“A pretty piece of work this wicked woman has made here,” said Doctor Twentymen to Mrs. St. Arno; “I have not seen poor Haverill so ill I don’t know when! she seems to have stopped the cur-

rent of his blood and inflamed it at the same time ! and I fear she frightened you too, Miss St. Arno ! I wish I'd been at home."

" I wish you had, Sir," said Anarella, looking another way.

Mrs. St. Arno then asked, whether he had left Haverill better ; to which he replied, that he had bled him, but he could not boast much of his amendment. " You may guess how ill he is," continued the Doctor, " when he seems insensible even to your departure, and did not express the least wish to see you ! this is so unlike his usual warm friendliness that I fear it is a bad prognostic."

" He is in such good hands," replied Mrs. St. Arno, " that we shall hope the best for him, and I trust hear that the effects of his interview will soon pass away. It seems, from what my niece says, that Lady Letitia came with a friendly intention, and I hope Mr. Haverill will follow her advice, and not move from hence ; at

least till he is better able to defend himself. Do you know where the Marquis of Hardenbrass is now, Sir?"

"No, Madam; nor I believe any body else at this moment, for I heard yesterday three different accounts. The first said, he was laid up with the gout at his favourite seat in the county of —, the second, that he was at his estate in N---d, and the third, which is most likely, that he is in London. Every now and then, I understand, the gentleman passes from place to place *incog.* and when that is the case you may be sure some evil is afloat! If I met the fellow, I think a very little provocation would make me give him as good a horsewhipping as he received some years ago at N---t."

Anarella, glad to speak on any subject in which Haverill was not likely to be mentioned, inquired how that was, and the Doctor related the following anecdote:—

"Some years ago the Marquis was in

the habit of frequenting N——t, where by various arts he contrived, from time to time, to win large sums of money. His character, however, became pretty well known, and I believe, nothing but his rank and influence made him tolerated even by the lowest of his associates. He lost one day some thousands to a sort of rough country squire, who did not at all consider the Marquis of Hardenbrass sufficiently privileged to cheat him. It was not convenient to the Marquis to pay the debt, and with consummate impudence he refused to do so. Upon this, the winner referred to all present, whether he did not deserve a good horsewhipping. It was determined that he did, and this great man had summary justice. They say he lay in bed for a month after."

"I should imagine," said Mrs. St. Arno, "that he would amend his conduct after that."

"Oh yes!" replied the Doctor, "as you shall hear. His old crony M——

won a large bet of him, and demanded prompt payment. Hardenbrass said he had not the money. 'Then,' said the other, 'give me an order on your banker, that will do.' There being a large company present Hardenbrass complied, and M——, who knew his man, immediately mounted his horse, and rode sixteen miles within the hour. He alighted at C——'s, received the money, and then fairly huzzaed at having arrived before the servant whom he was very sure the Marquis had sent to forbid the payment. He staid to see the fellow come, and it was amusing enough to observe the clerks watch the opening of the door, and grin behind their desks while he paced the room exulting in his own dispatch. In about half an hour the messenger made his appearance, and M—— laughed heartily! he knew his man thoroughly."

"I should call that something like swindling, or even worse," said Mrs. St.

Arno ; “ I did not imagine there could be such a character ! so mean ! so dishonest, and so villainous ! It is something if a man is a *great* villain, but this wretch seems to be made up of littlenesses.”

“ Exactly !” said the Doctor, “ exactly ! he secures all the contempt as well as the detestation of mankind ! but I do hope that his course is almost run ! Poor Haverill ! he is too friendless to touch this monster at present, but I trust that a little perseverance will effect something !”

“ I think,” returned Mrs. St. Arno, “ that a true and accurate history of the Marquis would be a most extraordinary phænomenon in the literary world, but few, perhaps, would be able to do justice to him.”

“ He should write it himself then,” said the Doctor, “ and if he was sincere, I would defy the Newgate Calendar, or the History of Rogues and Pirates to present one that should shew its hero more worthy of the gallows. He was intended for

something better than he is, I fancy, for they say, when young he did shew some touches of humanity, and some sense of decency! but prosperity has spoiled him! he would have made a very decent tailor."

"And why a tailor rather than any thing else?" asked Mrs. St. Arno; "has he so much of the goose in his composition?"

"Not for that reason alone," replied the Doctor, laughing; "but because he has a natural taste for sartorian amusements. No man excels him I hear in the invention of a new pattern, and he often introduces something new in his liveries one month, and changes it the next to exercise his genius. Altogether he is an unique." After this conversation the Doctor went up stairs again to see Haverill, and when he came down he said he had been trying to persuade him to admit the ladies into his anti-room, as he thought it would divert his reflections from their

present channel, but he had given a decided negative. "In short, I do not at all understand him to night," said the Doctor; "I think myself the malady is more in the mind than the body."

"Mental maladies are the worst," said Mrs. St. Arno; "but a little resolution will do much for them. I think if Mr. Haverill is ill he does right not to be troubled with company, and we must beg you to say every thing proper for us to him." She then presented the Doctor with a note of considerable value, and after a debate of some length, during which the Doctor fought as hard as a man could fight, she succeeded in prevailing on him to take it: assuring him that if he did not she could not again renew her visit, as he earnestly begged she would; then, under pretence of weariness, she and her niece retired before supper, taking leave of their kind host, and requesting that he would not think of rising to see them in the morning. As to the poor man, he felt very

sorry to lose his companions, and half angry at having been compelled to accept Mrs. St. Arno's money ; but he at last reconciled himself to the latter circumstance by determining to apply it to the service of Haverill.

## CHAP. XXVII.

*What happened to Mrs. St. Arno on her Journey.—  
Dunn's Sufferings.*

IT was on a fine frosty morning in the beginning of February, that Mrs. St. Arno and her niece quitted H—, and they were in the carriage by seven o'clock, hoping to avoid any further leave-taking. But the Doctor, who heard the carriage drive up, was too nimble for them ; he appeared in robe de chambre and slippers, and shook their hands with much cordiality. We shall leave the poor man to console himself as well as he can, and accompany the ladies on the way to W—, where they intended to sleep.

When they reached B—, Mrs. St. Arno chose to take some breakfast, not that she so much wanted it herself, as be-

cause she feared Anarella would be ill, for she had not been able to taste before she left H——. Breakfast then was ordered with all expedition, and was not long before it appeared. It was brought in by the landlady's daughter, who looked very earnestly at Anarella, as she sat by the fire ; so much so, that Mrs. St. Arno took notice of it. As to Anarella herself, she saw nothing but the fire, upon which she gazed as intently as if she was about to draw it. She was in her black riding habit, and instead of her hat and feathers, she wore a large black bonnet, and a thick green veil to defend her against the cold. This dress, added to the sufferings of the day before, and a wretched sleepless night, had made her look very pale and ill, and at least ten years older than she really was.

The breakfast past with no other variety but a few common-place observations on the part of the aunt, and a simple assent on that of the niece, who tried to

eat to oblige her aunt, and seemed more impatient to proceed than to take refreshment. When the young woman brought the bill, which Mrs. St. Arno had ordered, that lady was surprised to hear herself addressed by her name, pronounced, indeed, as the vulgar usually did pronounce it, *Stairno*; and when she again entered the carriage, half a dozen people, who seemed to belong to the house, looked both at her and her niece with a sort of meaning air, and one or two said, “They are too soon.” She would have liked to ask for what, but the carriage drove off.

At the next stage, they were told that the roads were so cut up, that it would be impossible for them to proceed without another pair of horses; and when Mrs. St. Arno hesitated, imagining that there was some exaggeration in the account, the landlord assured her, that a lady and her maid, without any barouche box, had that morning been compelled to stop five miles on the road, and send back for another pair.

At the same time, the post-boys returned with four horses, and one of them, staring at Anarella, who had thrown back her veil, exclaimed, “By God! that *is* queer!”

“What does he mean *is* queer?” said Anarella.

“Really I cannot guess, unless it is your bonnet, which is a singular shape enough, my dear,” replied Mrs. St. Arno; “somehow, we seem to attract more attention than *is* agreeable to me.”

The two additional horses were put to, and the ladies continued their journey on a road that did ample justice to the description the landlord had given of it. It was ploughed into ruts a foot deep, and every now and then the carriage met with some heap of stones, or sometimes even branches of trees and pieces of wood, which the driver was unable to avoid; and the horses could with difficulty keep their feet on the more level places, on account of the frost.

The ladies within were jolted from side to side, and against each other, in a most

violent manner ; and every few minutes, they expected the carriage would be overturned or broken. But their situation was nothing in comparison to that of poor Dunn, who with difficulty kept her seat, vacillating from side to side, to the great annoyance of Broadhead, or jumping from her seat like that interesting and moving thing, a pea on a pipe-stopper. Mrs. St. Arno dreaded every moment to see her thrown off the barouche seat, where she remained only by aid of her arms and hands that with great pertinacity grasped the seat. Every shock, she fancied that her shoulders were dislocated, and the concussions were so violent, that she lost her breath, and in one or two unsuccessful attempts to utter an exclamation, she bit her tongue terribly. But this was not the worst; for having no hand at liberty to keep her garments in their place, she was unhappy enough to have lost all intermediate fence for that fundamental feature, as the immortal statesman says, where honour lodges, and

which, spite of its importance, was skinned by coming in such rude contact with the seat. Mrs. St. Arno seeing the various and violent movements, and the unusual quantity of garments that appeared over the edge of the seat, guessed the mournful truth ; and the first moment she could, she stopped the carriage, and took Dunn in, who thanked her with tears in her eyes, protesting, that she thought the very soul would have been shaken out of her. “ As to my body, ma’am,” said she, “ it be vell nigh shittered to pieces, and pounded to mum, and I’ll swear I’ve no more skin left on, no, nor so much as would kiver a sixpence.”

This stage was one of thirteen miles, and in the course of it the travellers ascended and descended a steep hill, which, together with the state of the first part of the road, delayed them considerably, and instead of setting off from the next in good time, and getting into W—— before dark, which they had intended, it was

between eight and nine before the carriage stopped at the Hop-Pole.

A post chaise stood at the door, and as Anarella followed her aunt up stairs, at some little distance, having stopped to speak to Dunn, a waiter addressed her with, "Madam, the chaise is ready."

"Sir?" said Anarella. The man looked surprised, begged pardon, and returned.

"I don't know why I should attract so much notice," said Anarella, "but I certainly am mistaken for some other person; a waiter just now told me that my chaise was ready."

"I suppose, my dear, that is the case," replied her aunt, "and it is not improbable that it may be Lady Letitia who precedes us. Mr. Haverill, if you recollect, told us that you in some degree resembled her; and a riding dress, with that large bonnet, may assist the deception."

"Very likely it may be so," said Anarella; "and thence, no doubt, arises the

notice I have attracted at the inns. It is odd enough that we should both be travelling the same road at the same time ; but I suppose the chaise we saw was to convey her further. Poor creature ! how I pity her !”

“ And very justly,” replied her aunt, “ she is the victim, I doubt not, of a wrong education. Where she can be going, or what can be her present intention, it is difficult to guess ; but I fear she will never be prevailed upon to do her husband justice, by accusing her betrayer, whom she probably loves, even in spite of his crimes. But I am wrong, my love, to talk of this woman ; though perhaps it is better, upon the whole, to accustom ourselves sometimes to mention both Mr. Haverill and his wife. There is a great deal in use, and we should never allow ourselves for a moment to speak of him in any other way but as a married man.”

“ There is no fear that I should forget Lady Letitia,” said Anarella ; “ never till

I stood self-convicted before her, did I feel self-condemnation in all its bitterness. It overcame me, and I do not think my strength would bear such another attack. I am very unwell now, my dear aunt ; I think we had better inquire about beds, if you please."

Mrs. St. Arno assenting, the mistress was summoned, who, in answer to the inquiry, protested, that she was very sorry indeed to say, that all her best beds were engaged, and indeed she did not know at all what to do.

" And why did you not tell us so when we arrived ?" said Mrs. St. Arno ; " my niece is not well, and we must go to another inn, then, for I cannot go another stage to-night. What makes your house so full ?"

" 'Tis a ball given, ma'am, by a gentleman," replied the mistress, " and he has invited all the neighbourhood, all the nobility and gentry, and that have filled us. But perhaps, ma'am, you would

have no objection to a lodging close by here, ma'am ; I could, I dare say, procure you one."

This was pleasanter to Mrs. St. Arno than remaining in an Inn, and in twenty minutes the landlady returned to say, that there was a room at a house near, which was ready for the ladies, and an adjoining closet for the maid.

Miss St. Arno was always afraid that her aunt should take cold, and on this occasion she was naturally more fearful than she would have been, if they had been accommodated at the Hop Pole, rightly considering that there was more danger of damp in the best bed of a tradesman, than in those of a well frequented Inn. She determined then, though the night was bitterly cold, to go and see the rooms, and Dunn was to accompany her. A waiter with a lantern was in the passage to shew her the way, and wrapping herself up as well as she could, she went down stairs. She had

not descended half a dozen steps, when she heard a gentleman tripping behind her, and she rather hurried to keep before him, that she might avoid notice: but the length of her habit impeded her, and the young man, for so he was, mistaking her for a lady's maid, pinched her elbow as he passed, and said, "Take time, child!"

This address was so impertinently familiar, and so new to Anarella, that she could not help expressing her contempt in her countenance, just as the young man turned round to peep under her bonnet, and he prevented her from proceeding, by stretching his legs sideways, and standing directly before her.

This brutality restored Anarella to her self-possession, and in a voice that sufficiently expressed what she thought, she said, "Sir, you are no gentleman! let me pass."

"Let me pass," repeated the beau, mimicking the tone of her voice, "I'll

be d——d if you do, unless you pay the toll."

And now Anarella hearing people approaching, both from above and below, turned about, and repeating, " You are no gentleman," again ascended towards the sitting-room, followed by Dunn, who kept crying to herself all the time, " Oh, Lord! what a brute! what a hop-stickle!"

The man might now have perceived, if he had been endowed with any powers of discrimination, that the person he was insulting was a gentlewoman ; but he, on the contrary, supposed that this retrograde movement was only a manœuvre to invite him to follow, and having no objection to a frolick, he did so. This flurried Anarella, and she hastened along the gallery and rushed into a room, where, instead of her aunt, she found a gentleman in the act of cleaning his teeth. " Good Heaven! I'm mistaken!" cried she, " which is the room?" at the same

time running out. But now the gentleman, who was no other than Mr. Jarrener, recognised her voice, and dashing down box, glass, and brush, he hastened after her with his mouth full of water, while Lord Jeremy Grinwell stood prepared to catch her in the gallery. Dunn, however, enabled her to escape, for she was so terrified that she pushed back Lord Jeremy, and Jarrener happening to advance just at the moment that my Lord was again returning, they met with a mighty shock, and the contents of Jarrener's mouth were lodged on the elegant ball-dress of my Lord.

Of the fracas that ensued it would be difficult to give an idea, for it consisted chiefly of disjointed sentences, uttered at the same moment by each party, and the noise they made soon attracted a crowd about them. "Cursed accident! Low born brute! Insolent! D——d blackguard! Man of honor! Satisfaction!"

such were the sounds that attracted almost all the male visitors at the Hop-Pole, and reached the ears of poor Anarella and her aunt, as they sat in their apartment.

## CHAP. XXVIII.

*Some Account of Lord Jeremy Grinwell, and other Matters.*

MY Lord Jeremy Grinwell was of the noble family of Grinwell, as his name imports, and he in no respect differed from his illustrious ancestors and relatives, but in having less understanding, perhaps, than fell to the share of most of the Grinwells. The same pride, covetousness, tyranny, and insolence, to which he added every folly most young men are guilty of, and half a hundred peculiar to himself. But what he most piqued himself upon was *lying*, which he said was an accomplishment none but the high born could be entitled to possess. This was his favorite topic, his

peculiar boast, and indeed so congenial was it to him, that it was the only subject upon which he could speak, and preserve his hearer's attention five minutes.

As the Grinwells were looking forward with peculiar eagerness to a change above, which should enable them to come once more into power, they used every artifice to bring this young branch of their family into the eye of the public, as he was to be *pushed*, and they fondly hoped, both from his peculiar talent, and the circumstance of his never having been known to blush but once, and that was when his tutor commended him for having chanced to speak the truth, they hoped from this, that he would cut a shining figure, and be a most useful man in the Lower House. And, perhaps, if they had had an opportunity of bringing him out, as they intended, he might have verified their predictions ; but parties some-

how ran counter, and he was now waiting to see when the present men would leave their hold.

When he was about sixteen years of age, and during his residence at Oxford, he distinguished himself by pranks, which in a place less renowned for the eccentricities of the vain, the foolish, and the mad, have procured him a dark room and a whip; but it being necessary that he should distinguish himself in another way, he, or some friend for him, hit upon the following expedient. Our readers may probably know, or if they do not we will tell them, that the only two annual prizes in that renowned seat of learning are, or at least were at the time we speak of, one for Latin verses, open to under graduates, and one for an English essay, for graduates. Lord Jeremy, with the true ambition of a noble mind, aimed at that he had no business to attempt, and applying to a man who had more wit and learning than either

friends or money, he procured an essay on the given subject, which he sent under cover, and which being in truth very excellent, was declared the best.

Lord Jeremy, however, not having graduated, could not have the prize; but he got all his friends desired for him, the reputation of deserving it, and every journal in the three kingdoms trumpeted forth his praise.

There was at the same time a young man at the same College, whose name was Mallison, which he chose to pronounce *Mall-i-son*, and he spent an hour or two every day in tutoring the servants and people who came about him, and teaching them to call him *Mall-i-son*, but somehow he never succeeded, for they still persisted in calling him *Mr. Mallison*.

This gentleman was lowly born, though his father was a clergyman, unfortunately for him the worth of the man does not

ennoble in this country. But he was very anxious to have it believed that he was a man of family, and he affected the society of all honorables and right honorables, and displayed his three wooden hammers engraved on every thing belonging to him, to the great amusement of those whose society alone he courted.

He burnt long, very long, with a desire to be introduced to Lord Jeremy, and several young men mentioned the subject to my Lord, but he invariably declined the honour, with sundry reflections on the insolence of the low born scoundrel to think of such a thing.

At last an opportunity occurred to Mr. Mall-i-son, which he did not fail to use. A L—man called in one morning, who said he was on his way to Lord Jeremy Grinwell's, to make him a morning visit. In spite of the direct impropriety of the

thing, and the gentleman's remonstrances, Mr. Mallison would accompany him, and Lord Jeremy no sooner saw him than he started from his chair, and deliberately taking up one by one of the pieces of French china he had been using at breakfast, he jerked them out of the window on a flat lead there was, exclaiming as each flew from his hand, "Here goes! There now, Mallison, would you do that? None but a man of family could do that! if there's a man of family present he will fetch the bits in again!" When he had thus broken the whole set, he walked out of the window upon the lead, and deliberately picked up every little bit, exclaiming to Mallison, "There now, you see, Mr. Mallison, that there is no man *of family* present but myself." Mr. Mallison waited for no more, he took to his heels and was seen no more there.

But however Lord Jeremy might pride

himself on this exploit, which certainly shewed more genius, knowledge of human nature, and powers of ratiocination than any body gave him credit for, yet it was an unfortunate joke for himself, for it made **Mallison** his enemy instead of his admirer. He made it his business to discover who wrote the essay, and though the author certainly kept his secret, **Mallison** contrived, either to learn it from some other, or to divine it, and this once published annoyed **Lord Jeremy** more than any thing else could have done. After that time **Mallison** was a sort of evil spirit to **Lord Jeremy**, and took care when within his hearing to repeat the word *Essay* pretty audibly. Then he was my **Lord's** rival in the science of lying, so that, if there had been nothing else, envy, that bane of talent, would have made bad blood between them.

It happened that **Mr. Mallison** (who had got the name of *Little J*, being but a

sort of blight,) was among the company at the Hop-Pole ;—but we will not begin an account of what passed in the gallery at the end of a volume.

**END OF VOL. III.**

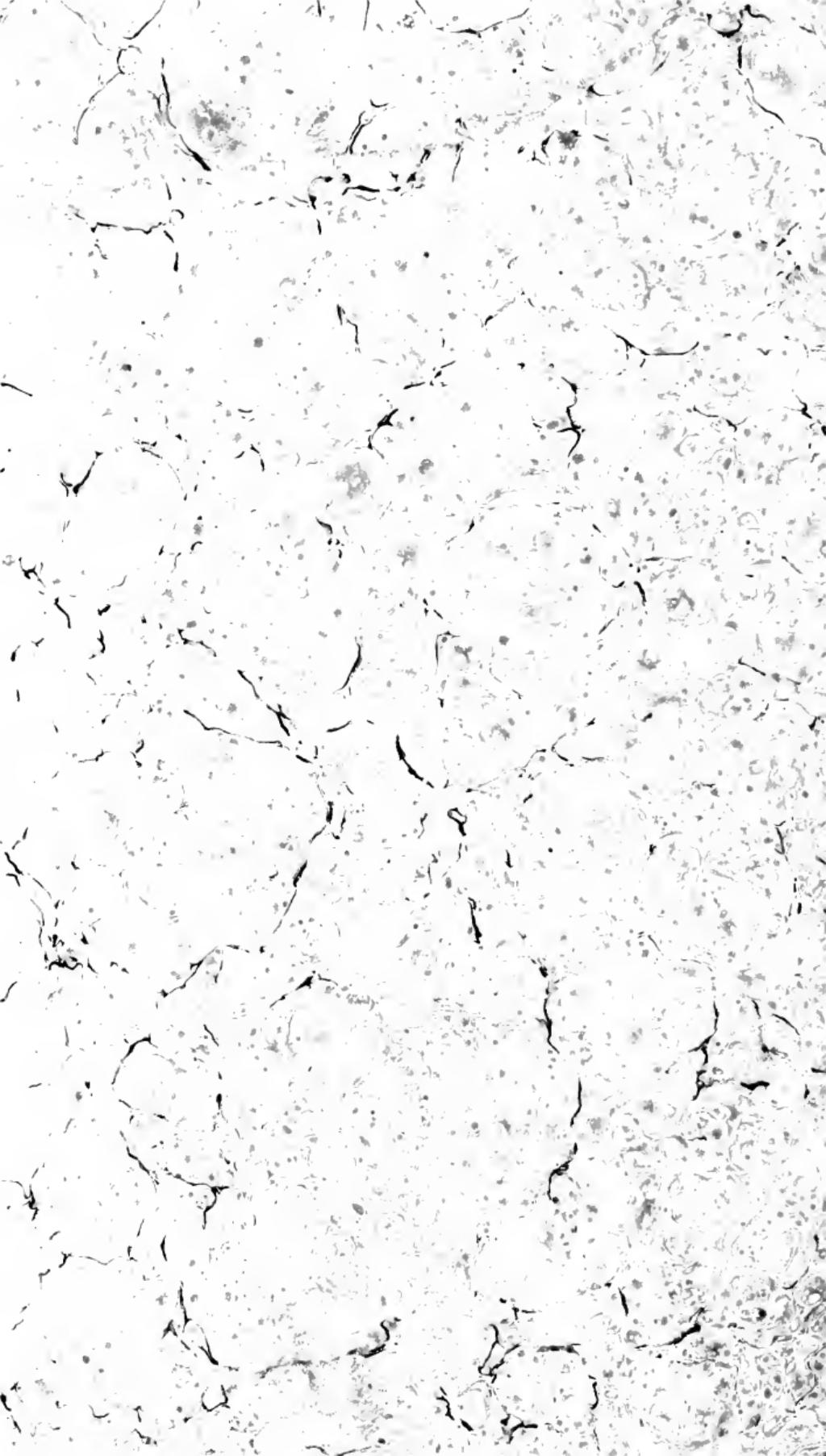


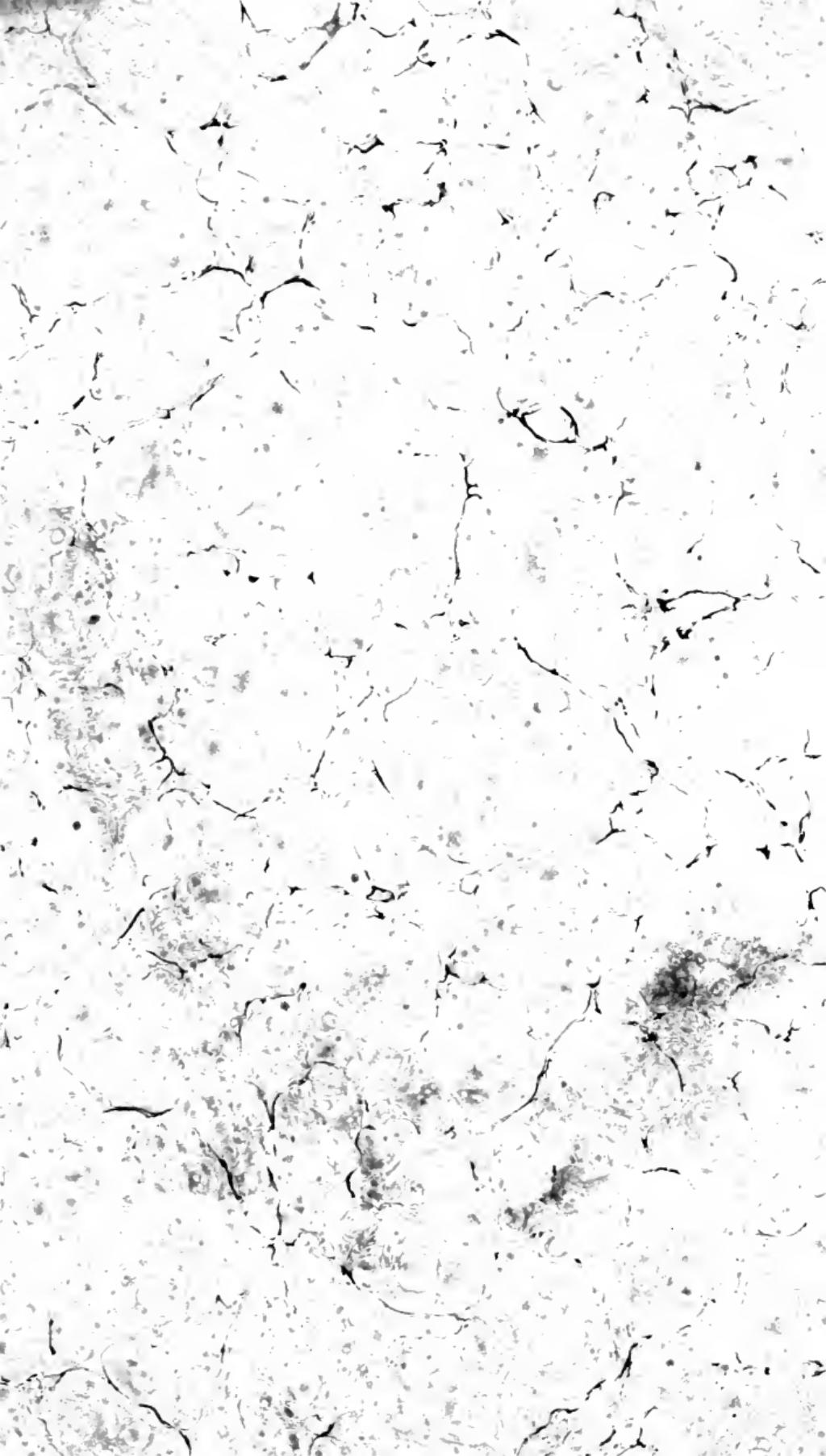












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